The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We have great pleasure in publishing this month an outspoken and brilliantly critical article on "The Laureate of the Sea: Algernon Charles Swinburne." The article is unsigned, but it is written by one of the ablest and most popular of living authors and critics.

The August Bookman will be an Oliver Wendell Holmes Centenary Number. The deaths of Swinburne and Meredith necessitating certain changes in our arrangements, the publication of a Tennyson Centenary Number is postponed until October. Mr. Stephen Paget and Mr. Walter Jerrold will contribute special articles on Wendell Holmes to our next issue.

Mr. A. W. Marchmont has just completed the revision of a dramatised version of his well-known novel "A Courier of Fortune," in view of its production on the New York stage in the autumn by Mr. Ralph Stuart, who collaborated with him in the writing of the play. He is at present hard at work on a new story of action and adventure which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are to publish.

Dr. A. C. Bradley, who has been Professor of Poetry at Oxford since 1901, is engaged on a new book that is founded on the Gifford Lectures that he delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1907 and 1908.

"I had the good fortune to know George Meredith," writes Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*, "for the last twenty-five years of his life. . . . He was a true friend, not less faithful in criticism than he was cordial in his approbation. Of the former, I remember well the neat way in which he put me out of conceit with my first attempt to write a story. . . . I sent him my little effort with fear and trembling. My trepidation was not without warrant. 'I have read "From the Old World to the New,"' he wrote. 'Some of the characters are interesting and well drawn. One of them especially reminds me of Cecil Rhodes. But if any of your friends tells you that he likes

the story as a story, *don't believe him.*' How delightfully Meredithian! Mr. Meredith told me once that he had a novel on the stocks in which Lord Morley, Mr. Fred. Greenwood, and I were treated as types of our profession. It was to be called 'The Journalist.' But it was probably never finished."

In the course of some interesting "Memories of Meredith" in *Vanity Fair*, Mr. Frank Harris adds another to the many known instances of Meredith's kindness to younger writers. Whilst he was editing the *Fortnightly* Mr. Harris published in it a story of his own which drew so many protests from the readers that the directors expressed their willingness to accept his resignation, and he resigned. A few days later he received a letter from Mr. Chapman saying "that I must take no notice of what the directors had said, for Meredith had talked to them and converted them. This excited my curiosity, so I went to the office: Chapman came in to me perfectly friendly, as always, and said excitedly: 'Oh, I am delighted. Meredith thinks your story excellent and he has talked to the directors, and they withdraw that notice, and it is all right. I'm so glad. . . . Meredith says it is first-rate, so it is all right; and he's here, and won't you come in and I'll introduce you?' . . . When we entered Chapman's room Meredith was seated in a big armchair; he sprang up at once. Naturally I was struck with his appearance. He had the finest head I have ever seen, finer even than the late Lord Leighton's, for Meredith was careless in appearance, while Leighton was a curled Olympian god. Every one is familiar with the beautiful regular features, the tyrannous straight forehead, and the vivid lambent eyes; but no one who did not see it can imagine the extraordinary quickness and speed of the face: the most expressive face in the world I think; a mirror to every change of expression. The figure, too, was notable: he has been called tall, but at this time he did not seem to me tall, perhaps five feet eight or nine at the most. A slight figure, with square shoulders, carelessly dressed in tweeds with a soft hat.

"He was more than kindly, cordial indeed, and irresistibly frank," Mr. Harris continues. "He had heard from his friend Chapman what the silly directors had done, and had thereupon come up to see them. 'Couldn't allow them to be so long-eared, blind to their own interests, as business men generally are. Admirable stories, as he had written to me, the public will want more of them.' All this came to me as a consecration, such understanding, such genial, sure appreciation; the hot

Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter's Book-plate.
Designed and drawn by Charles E. Dawson.

blood flew to my cheeks, pricked behind my eyes. The unconsciousness of the man was superb, no suspicion of his own kindness or what it meant to the beginner, or, perhaps, those keen eyes of his did see even that. . . . All the while Meredith was shouting, at least talking in a very loud voice, with fine accent and appreciation of the value of words; but loud, loud, almost as a deaf man talks, and while the volume of it roared and sung in my ears, the keen eyes flitted everywhere: wonderful lightning eyes they seemed to me; but whether grey-blue or light hazel I could not say now—darting hither and thither, now at Chapman with a side-glance, now at me, then at the windows, resting nowhere. Is that the explanation, I asked myself, of his style? The quickness of it; the perpetual straining after effect, the lightning brilliancy."

One of the most interesting of the three-and-fifty essays in Mr. H. W. Nevinson's new book, "Essays in Freedom" (Duckworth, 6s. net), is that on George Meredith, which he has entitled "The Last of his Peers." It was written somewhere about a year before Meredith's death, discusses his work, and gives some vivid personal impressions and recollections of him. "It is a peculiar thing, then," writes Mr. Nevinson, "that there is a freshness about his books as of to-day, and all who meet their aged writer find in him a spirit as young as youth. . . . As he once said of himself, he looks out upon life with young eyes, and one may perceive something of the same unconquerable spirit in the

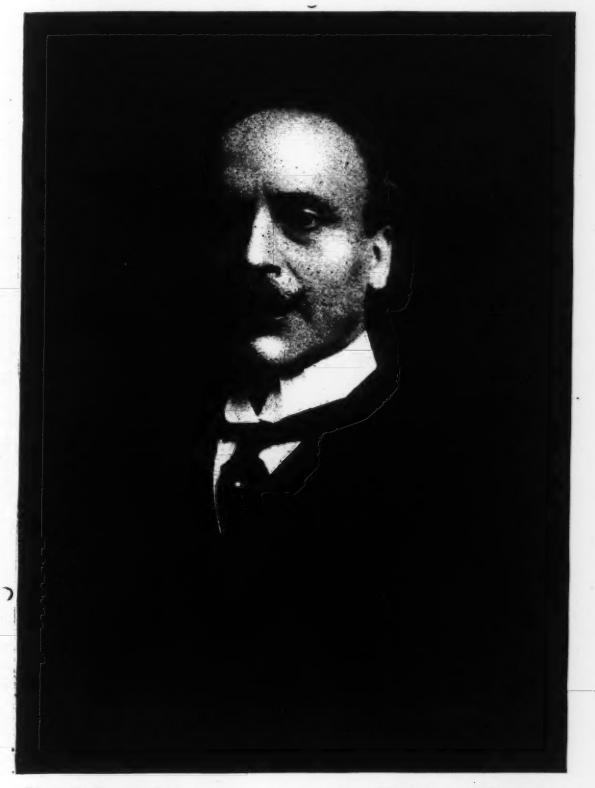

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Sir William Magnay.**

physical pride which disdains the crutches and ear-trumpets of deaf and crippled age. The head is very noticeable—essentially Greek. It might have served as model for those statues of mature and powerful manhood which, in our museums, are now labelled 'A Poet' or 'An Orator.' But if it is a poet's head, it is a Greek poet's. There is no trace of the indecision, effeminacy, and petulant unrestraint which 'a poetic appearance' suggests to modern minds. It belongs to a type that could be honoured even by manly people. It is the head of one who, like Sophocles, could have commanded a fleet as easily as write a tragedy. . . . There are modern writers who wear a shut-up, indoor look. Their faces are like the windows of a sick-chamber, and we dimly discern the invalid and delicately curtained soul within. But the very look of Meredith tells of the open sky, where the sun marches and the winds pipe, and the thunder-clouds mass their battalions. . . . His is the head of an orator, too—a Greek orator, like Pericles. The great mouth opens four square. It is an Attic mask. A spirit seems to be speaking, not with it, but through it, and on a broad scale of sound comes the voice, full, unhesitating, and distinct to the last letter."

Almost the latest, if not the last, literary work from the pen of George Meredith was the Introduction written by him for the Collected Poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton published in 1907. It is a charming little dissertation on rhyme and metre, and gives particular praise to Mrs. Shorter's Irish Ballads. Ireland, he says, "supplies one of the richest of fields" for the ballad writer.

Son of one Lord Mayor of London and grandson of another, Sir William Magnay's natural inclinations have been always towards the less business-like, more romantic sides of life. In the 'seventies he was one of that famous company of amateur actors that numbered Lady Monckton, Sir Charles Young, and Mr. Quintin Twiss among its members. He had written and destroyed a good many stories before he published his first novel, "The Fall of a Star," ten years ago. Since then he has produced some dozen works of fiction, the most popular of which is probably "The Red Chancellor." He is a regular and careful worker, doing most of his writing in the mornings, but he finds his best and most certain source of inspiration, as he once confessed to an "M.A.P." interviewer, "in a quiet hour or two spent sitting in the dark," this serving to "throw his thoughts back upon themselves, with the result that plots and characters are caught and held on the rebound."

Sir William Magnay has a new novel in hand, a dramatic story of English life, and has lately

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. Laurie Magnus.**

completed a romance of love and adventure, the scene of which is laid in and near Munich at the juncture when that city was threatened by the French and Austrian armies and its defence was in the hands of that extraordinary man, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, who for the time was virtually Regent of Bavaria.

Mr. Laurie Magnus's "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century" is dedicated to George Meredith, and Mr. Meredith read about two-thirds of the book before he accepted the dedication. During the last few years of his life, Meredith wrote several interesting letters to Mr. Magnus, and was particularly appreciative of an essay on "The Succession of Mr. Meredith" that he contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1907.

The first piece of critical writing that Mr. Magnus put into print was a paper on "The Serious Poetry of Mr. William Watson"; it appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1895, whilst he was still an undergraduate at Oxford. Methuen's published his first book, "A Primer of Wordsworth," in 1897; for two years, 1897-8, he was Berlin Correspondent of the *Morning Post*; after that he was with Mr. John Murray, in charge of his educational department, for a few years; and since 1902 he has been a Managing Director at Routledge's. He has written a popular school history called "How to Read English Literature," and his "Introduction to Poetry" (Murray) is in its second edition. Mr. Magnus is the eldest son of Sir Philip Magnus, M.P. for the University of London, and in 1903 he married a daughter of Sir Isidore Spielmann, C.M.G. (of the Exhibitions Department of the Board of Trade), who has just been instrumental in saving the much-discussed, nearly-lost Holbein.

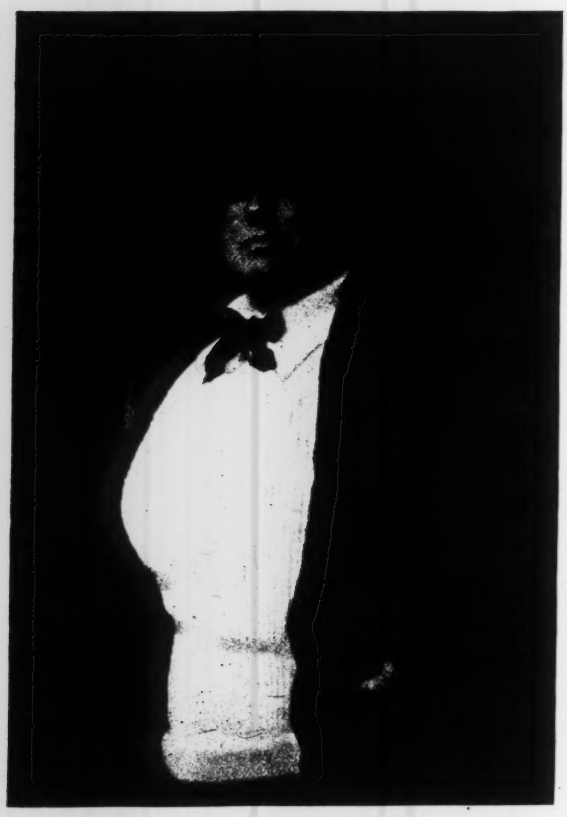

Photo by Lanyon, St. Ives, Cornwall. **Mrs. Havelock Ellis.**

In collaboration with Mr. Joshua Bates, Mrs. Havelock Ellis has dramatised her powerful little novel, "Kit's Woman," and it was produced by the Play Actors on June 20. Her one-act play, "The Subjection of Kezia," adapted from one of the stories in her earlier book, "My Cornish Neighbours," was very successfully staged at the Court, the Garrick, and the Criterion theatres last year. She has already made considerable progress on a new four-act drama, and has planned a long novel which she hopes to write this winter.

Mr. Ezra Pound, whose new book of poems, "Personæ," has met with an unusually appreciative reception, is a young American of English descent, his forbears having been among those early settlers

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Ezra Pound.**

who went out to the New World in the seventeenth century. On his mother's side he is distantly related to Longfellow, whose poetry he does not admire; he is a Fellow of the University of Pennsylvania; has travelled much in Spain; lived for some while in Venice; and is now making his home in England with no particular desire to depart from us, though he has a very much greater liking for the English people than for their climate. He has two other small books of verse to his name, "A Lume Spento" and "A Quinzaine for this Yule," which were printed in limited editions for private circulation. The smallness of his output does not indicate barrenness or indolence, but that he has a faculty of self-criticism: he has written and burned two novels and three hundred sonnets; last spring he delivered at the Polytechnic here an introductory course of six lectures on "The Development of Literature in Southern Europe," and he has prepared a long course of lectures on "Romance Literature" which he is to deliver at the Polytechnic this autumn; moreover, he is still only twenty-three. He has lately completed a new book, a prose and verse sequence, which he is calling "The Dawn."

Mr. Hammond Hall, late editor of the *Daily Graphic*, has accepted the editorship of "Hazell's Annual" in succession to Mr. Wm. Palmer, who after seventeen years' service has resigned in order to devote himself entirely to his work as managing director of the Bedfordshire Times Publishing Co., Ltd., and editor of the *Bedfordshire Times*.

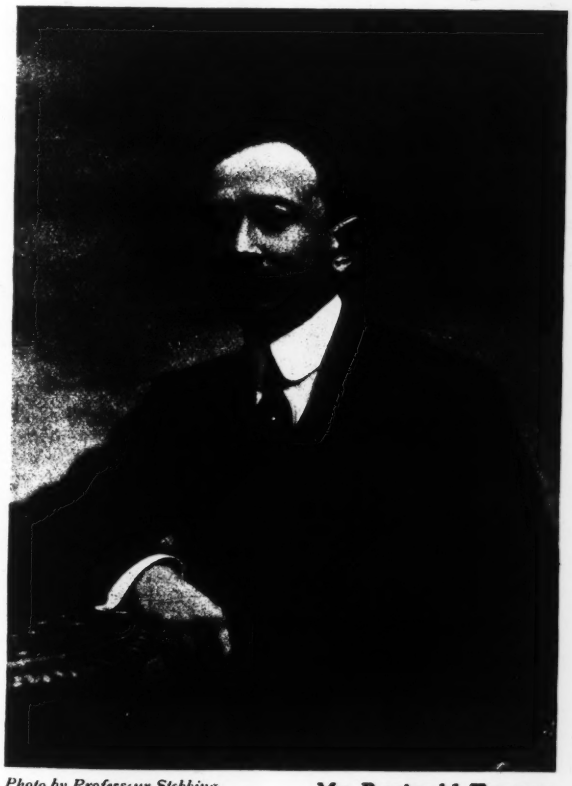

Photo by Professeur Stebbing, Paris. **Mr. Reginald Turner.**

The newspaper world is coming very much under the lash of the satirist in these days. It has been mercilessly and successfully handled on the stage in "The Earth" and in "What the Public Wants"; to name only the most recent of novels on the subject, it was shrewdly satirised by Mr. Oliver Onions in "Little Devil Doubt," and is no less faithfully dealt with now in Mr. Reginald Turner's "Samson Unshorn." Mr. Turner has had considerable experience as a journalist; he has for the last ten years been on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, and is at present a literary reviewer on that paper. He is one of the many who have forsaken the overcrowded profession of the law for journalism and novel-writing, only to find that the novelist's pathway is almost as steep and quite as congested as the barrister's. Of his novels, which have been successively grave and gay and lively and severe, perhaps the most successful was "The Steeple," a study of clerical life. Mr. Turner is now engaged on a farcical story of an extremely topical nature. At a time when serious novels abound he seems to think there is a promising field for fiction such as his "Castles in Kensington," which has a real relation to life for all its lightness of thought and style.

Messrs. George Allen & Sons announce that they have purchased the publishing department of Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, and will shortly remove to more commodious premises at Ruskin House, 44 and 45, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W.

For much assistance in connection with the Meredith illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. G. H. Perkins, Mr. Fredk. Hollyer, Messrs. Smith, Elder, Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Mr. Grant Richards, and Mr. J. A. Hammerton. We are indebted also to Messrs. Methuen, Messrs. Kegan Paul, and Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith for permission to reproduce certain of our other illustrations.

We regret that by an oversight we omitted to mention last month that Mr. W. Hartley's admirable drawing of Watts's portrait of Swinburne was reproduced on the cover of our June Number by kind permission of the editor and proprietors of the *Morning Leader*.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *June* 11, 1909.

EVERY healthy person likes a row, and next to being an actual party in it comes the joy of watching the quarrel. Presumably, therefore, English people have, like ourselves, found a mild enjoyment in following the disagreement between Mark Twain, the author of "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," and their respective publishers. This disagreement—a tame affair at best—will be, by the time this letter is printed, a story seemingly as ancient as the story of Troy, and is only worthy of re-mention because it illustrates so clearly one of the conditions in that curious national institution which is one of the most muddled affairs in the world. I refer to the copyright law of the United States, which seems—to the uninitiated at any rate—to have been patterned along somewhat the same lines as those followed by Lewis Carroll when he conceived his "Wonderland."

I have referred to "the uninitiated" in connection with American copyright law, thereby allowing it to be inferred that there are people who, on the contrary, are initiated in its mysteries. Presumably there must be such people as these, but it would seem as if in the average American community folk who understood the law of copyright were likely to be as rare as bearded ladies and living skeletons. During six months' residence in New York, I have talked with most of its leading publishers and magazine editors—often on this subject. I may be wronging these gentlemen, but I do not believe more than two or three of them all could do themselves credit in an examination on the knotty points of United States copyright law—and, mind you, it is a subject to which they must, in accordance with the demands of their business, devote more than a little attention.

Among the complexities of the law, the one great foundation stone is, however, simple, and to that foundation stone it is that the Mark Twain controversy called attention. This foundation stone lies in the fact that, to secure American copyright, one must have one's work printed from type set in America. The idea of this is, of course, to protect the livelihoods of American printers, and it is said that, if no such law existed, practically nothing whatsoever would be printed in the United States except the daily papers, for the reason that printing costs in this country greatly more than in Great Britain, and that it would be cheaper—other things being equal—to get the work done abroad, and import it complete into the United States.

Under the existing conditions things are certainly extremely pleasant and encouraging for the printers, but they are rather hard on the author who chances to live outside of the United States, for if it happens that his book is printed in England even a few days before it is possible to have it published and printed here, the author must then lose his copyright. Every now and then such a fate as this befalls a book which eventually turns out to be a popular success. At this there is naturally enough rejoicing amongst the pirates, for they are free to sell the book in large quantities and to pay no royalty to the author—a state of affairs which naturally appeals to the piratical heart. In such a case the author who sees some one else making a little fortune out of his work while he goes altogether penniless is likely to make on the laws of America comments which fall considerably short of being flattering.

When it comes to a matter of non-fiction books, the pirate's depredations are, speaking broadly, not to be feared. This is for two reasons: one because the non-fiction book makes less of a popular appeal and therefore offers less of an inducement to pirates; the other because such a book is likely to be so expensive of preparation as to appal him.

Often indeed, in the case of serious books, the author makes no attempt to save the American rights of his book by separate printing here, and is content to allow copies of the English edition to be sent to us for sale. Just this, I judge from the newspaper accounts of the Mark Twain controversy, happened in the case of Mr. Greenwood's "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," whence it happens that, though its American publishers may resent Mark Twain's extensive use of the book in his "Is Shakespeare Dead?" they cannot do anything in the matter, since Mr. Greenwood did not take the precaution to protect himself by separate American printing.

After July 1, however, the law will be somewhat gentler, and will, on the performance of certain formalities, allow to English books a period of several weeks' grace, during which those interested may make up their minds whether it is worth while to pay toll to the American printer, and thereby secure copyright, or better to spite the printer and let the copyright slide. People in whose business the copyright law is a factor (such as publishers, magazine editors, etc.) appear to feel that this added period of grace will do much to simplify matters and that it will result not only in their good, but in that of English authors as well.

American newspapers have all printed accounts this week of the serious illness of Mr. Jack London, whose prolonged voyagings about the world have attracted considerable attention. These newspaper accounts are based upon a letter said to have been written by Mr. London from hospital in Sydney, in which the novelist told how he was suffering from five different diseases, and gave altogether a very melancholy report on his condition. Curiously enough, on the same day on which these alarming newspaper reports appeared I

myself received a letter from Mr. London, which would seem to indicate that the situation with regard to his health had been somewhat exaggerated or else that he had made a much quicker recovery than was anticipated. In my letter Mr. London said nothing about his health, but as he wrote while aboard ship *en route* from Australia to South America, it is plain at any rate that he was not any longer in the Sydney hospital. Mr. London expects to be back at his home in California some time in July. Whether one admires Mr. Jack London's books or not, one cannot but rejoice at this apparent recovery of his, for, whatever one's personal prejudices may be, one cannot deny to Mr. London a unique place amongst modern writers.

Of the health of another and more pleasing, if perhaps less remarkable American story writer, the news is less good. Mr. Owen Wister, who wrote "The Virginian," and is one of the most popular of American novelists, both to American and to English readers, is still very ill. For several months now he has been suffering from a serious internal trouble combined with nervous breakdown and has been unable to attend to any business at his office in Philadelphia or to write. Two or three weeks ago, according to news of him which has just come to me through one of his friends, he was moved to his country house, where he is living day and night in the open air, seeing nobody but Mrs. Wister and the household, seldom exerting himself even to read a letter, and taking a complete rest cure. It is not expected, even with the best of luck, that he will be himself again before the end of the summer.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the authoress and one of the earliest of American female suffragists, has just celebrated her ninetieth birthday. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's best known achievement was, without doubt, the writing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a wonderfully stirring Civil War song, to whose tune I have heard English children sing a ditty called "John Brown's Body." Mrs. Howe celebrated her birthday at her home in Boston, and amongst the guests at her party was, as it happened, the eighty-seven-year-old Edward Everett Hale. It was almost his last public appearance, for the veteran author of "The Man Without a Country" died within a few days.

The season of the year has now come round when all literary America empties itself into transatlantic steamships, and makes for European shores—a process which Americans call by the delightfully romantic phrase "going abroad." Each week takes away a dozen or so of assorted literary folk—authors, publishers, editors, and journalists—and it looks as if at the present rate it would soon be as difficult to discover a distinguished writer left in America as to find a dodo in Broadway.

The latest literary voyager of distinction is Miss Alice Brown, a novelist of the serious type who is very well regarded by thoughtful Americans, though, I fear, scarcely known in England. Her last novel, "The Story of Thyrza," a tale typically American in character, has been one of the six most popular books in the States, which is indeed a tribute to its author, since Thyrza's story is no way sensational, and offers little either by way of prettiness or of impropriety to catch the vulgar interest.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1 to August 1, 1909.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—A Roman Tragedy, and Others. 6s.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

ANDERSON, W. J.—The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. With 180 Illustrations. 4th edition, enlarged. 12s. 6d. net.
DAVISON, J. RAFFLES (Editor).—The Arts Connected with Building: Lectures on Craftsmanship and Design delivered at Carpenters' Hall. With 98 Illustrations. 5s. net.
PORTER, A. KINGSLEY.—Mediæval Architecture: Its Origin and Development. With 291 Plates. 2 vols. £3 3s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BREBNER, PERCY J.—A Royal Ward. 6s.
WOOD, WALTER.—The Secret Paper. 6s.

Messrs Chatto & Windus.

HAMILTON, COSMO.—Plain Brown. 6s.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

COLLINS, A. J. F., M.A. Oxon., and W. P. STEEN, M.A.—Ovid: Metamorphoses. Book III. (Selections as prescribed for the Wales Matriculation, 1910.) 1s. 6d.
WELTON, PROFESSOR J., M.A., and F. G. BLANDFORD, M.A.—Principles and Methods of Moral Training, with Special Reference to School Discipline. 3s. 6d.
WOODHOUSE, W. J., M.A.—Livy. Book IX. (Ch. I.-XIX.) (For the Northern Universities Matriculation, 1910.) 1s. 6d.
WORKMAN, W. P., M.A., B.Sc., and A. G. CRACKNELL, M.A., B.Sc.—The School Geometry. (Being a School Course adapted from "Geometry, Theoretical and Practical.")

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

COOPER, C. S., and W. PERCIVAL WESTELL.—Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles. Parts 8, 9, and 10. 1s. net per part; to be completed in 16 parts.
CROWE, J. A., and G. B. CAVALCASELLE.—New History of Painting in Italy. Vol. II. Edited and supplemented with notes by Edward Hutton. To be completed in 3 vols. £3 net per set.
EVANS, ERNEST.—Animals and their Ways. Many Illustrations, line and half-tone. 1s. 4d.
Ruskin Nature Reader (Intermediate). Edited by G. R. Bennett, B.Sc. Lond. 1s. 9d.
The Wood I Know. The Stream I Know. The Meadow I Know. The Common I Know. Edited by W. Percival Westell, F.L.S., and Henry E. Turner, Gen. Sec. of the School Nature Study Union. Cloth, 8d.; cloth extra, gilt top, and Nature Calendar, 1s.

Messrs. Greening & Co.

BOURGET, PAUL.—André Cornelis. Translated by G. F. Monkshood. (Lotus Library.) Cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. net.
CHAN TOON, MRS.—A Marriage in Burmah. Cloth, 1s. net.
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Cardinal and Lady Susan. 6d. net.
DE LONE, C.—Petrovick's Revenge. 6s.
GRAHAM, WINIFRED.—A Miracle of the Turf. 6d. net.
McENERY, JOHN.—A Black Inheritance. 6s.
STRONG, ROWLAND.—The Marquis Catalini. 6s.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

GASK, LILIAN.—With Nature's Children. Illustrated by D. Hardy. 1s. 6d. net.
GUERBER, H. A.—Myths and Legends of the Middle Ages. With 64 Plates. 7s. 6d. net.
OMAR KHAYYAM.—The Rubaiyat. (FitzGerald Centenary Edition.) Illustrated by Willy Pogany. 10s. 6d. net; limited edition, 21s. net.
Sesame Booklets, Nos. 22–31.—Goblin Market, Illustrated, Christina Rossetti. The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Illustrated, R. Browning. The King of the Golden River, Illustrated, Ruskin. Wayside Thoughts from Shakespeare. Great Thoughts from Ruskin. Gabriel Grub, Illustrated, Dickens. Bardell *v.* Pickwick. Dickens. Christmas at Dingley Dell, Dickens. The Nut Browne Maid, Illustrated. Little Essays of Bacon. Simili vellum, 6d. net each; velvet calf, 1s. net each.

Mr. Andrew Melrose.

JAMES, NORMAN G. BRETT, M.A.—The History of Mill Hill School. 7s. 6d. net.
LEVY, ROBERT.—Heinrich Heine's Poems and Ballads. A new translation. 5s. net.

Messrs. Methuen & Co.

ALBANESI, E. MARIA.—The Invincible Amelia: The Polite Adventuress. 6s.
ANSTEY, F.—Bayard of Bengal. (The Novelist.) 6d.
BAGOT, R.—Donna Diana. (The Novelist.) 6d.
BUTLIN, F. M.—Among the Danes. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by Ellen Wilkinson and 16 from photographs. 7s. 6d. net.
LINDSAY, LADY MABEL.—Anni Domini: A Gospel Study. 2 vols. 10s. net.
LUBBOCK, BASIL.—Deep Sea Warriors. With 4 Illustrations. 6s.

Mr. John Murray.

HALL, A. D.—Fertilisers and Manures.
NAPIER, LADY, of Magdala.—Fiona. 6s.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—Fun of the Fair. 2s. 6d.
WEATHERS, JOHN.—The French System of Intensive Cultivation.
WRIGHT, HENDERSON R. W.—John Goodchild. 6s.
The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz. 3 vols. 36s. net.

Mr. John Ouseley.

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THE READER.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

By Dr. James Moffatt.

"POETRY we have none and but little philosophy," Mark Pattison wrote bluntly in 1830. When Meredith published his first volume of poems twenty-one years later, it was recognised that a poet of promise had arisen, but no one then could foretell that the author would produce prose as well as poetry which embodied a definite and original philosophy of life. Meredith ended, as he had begun, with verse. "A Reading of Life" appeared exactly half a century after the Poems of 1851, but the difference of tone and style, which appeared as early as the second volume of poetry in 1862 and became increasingly patent in the intervening novels, recalls the change felt in passing from "Pauline" to the subsequent poems of Robert Browning. Meredith has acquired a philosophy in the interval; it is a philosophy of Nature, and it has been responsible in large measure for the vital and the ephemeral qualities of his output.

From first to last he showed a remarkable power of delicate realism in his treatment of natural sights and sounds. This gift of sensuous charm, almost Keatsian in its quality, was what struck Kingsley and Rossetti and Hort in his early poems. Other interests absorbed his later mind, but never to the entire exclusion of this direct sensitiveness to Nature. One of his earliest pastorals, echoed in a famous chapter of "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," includes this exquisite glimpse of a summer day beside the Thames:

"There, by the wet-mirrored osiers, the emerald wing of the kingfisher
Flashes, the fish in his beak! there the dab-chick dived, and the motion
Lazily undulates all thro' the tall standing army of rushes.
O joy thus to revel all day, till the twilight turns us homeward!
Till all the lingering, deep-blooming splendour of sunset is over,
And the one star shines mildly in mellowing hues, like a spirit,
Sent to assure us that light never dieth, tho' day is now buried."

By permission of Frdk. Hollyer.

George Meredith.

Over and over again, in prose and verse, he shows this power of reproducing a natural scene in its detail and charm. Thus, in his last volume, we get the following lyric, a vignette of autumn:

"They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.
Within my breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry;
In me they sing."

But Nature came to mean far more than this to Meredith. Thomas Love Peacock, his father-in-law, to whom the volume of 1851 was dedicated, had cited in his "Misfortunes of Elphin" a Welsh triad upon "the three primary requisites of poetical genius: an eye that can see Nature; a heart that can feel Nature; and a resolution that dares follow Nature." The first two requisites never abandoned Meredith. His sensitiveness to Nature enabled him to rouse the inward vision by lyric, lucid transcripts of what he saw and felt, from blackbirds to larks and nightingales, from the Thames to the Alps, from the crocus to the wild cherry-tree. His prose and verse repeatedly vibrate with such passages—sometimes a sentence or stanza, sometimes a paragraph or chapter—of direct intuition and unaffected charm. But another spirit of affectation and complexity struggled for his soul as a literary artist. Its hold upon him was due to the prominence assigned to his peculiar conception of the third requisite in the Welsh triad Nature to him

meant the cosmos of modern evolutionary science, and loyalty to Nature involved an ethical idealism which sought the ethical standards as well as the physical origin of man in his relationship to the facts and forces of this living organism. This frank recognition of human nature as part of Nature produced Meredith's characteristic attack on sentimentalism and his buoyant, grave message of courage and joy. But it was responsible for serious defects in his literary method. Into its philosophic merits or demerits we need not enter here. The point is that his propaganda led not only to an ultra-subtle handling of motives, which investigated human nature with a lens and a scalpel, but to a disproportionate and unseasonable intrusion of philosophic analysis upon the course of his novels and the movement of his larger poems. To read some of the latter is like listening to a canary in a room full of typewriters at work: you catch occasional notes of song amid the metallic and staccato click of the machines. As for the romances, they are studded with half-defiant, half-contrite apologies for the intrusions of the Philosopher, but the latter is too much in evidence. He takes you behind the booth to let you see the strings by means of which the showman works his puppets. The result is that the characters are not always kept at blow-heat, while the reader's attention is apt to flag. It is as if Marcus Aurelius had embodied his philosophy in tales of the Romans and the Quadi.

This pre-occupation springs from the correct perception that human motives are to be sought in the ideas rather than in the appetites, but Meredith pays too little attention to the facts and incidents which give rise to the ideas in question, and in which his characters ought to have been allowed to reveal themselves more fully than they do. What interests him is the effect produced upon his characters by certain events in the chain of circumstance, and, in his eagerness to analyse the former, he often commits the inartistic blunder of merely hinting at the latter. He allows his antipathy to the reporting columns of sensational fiction to carry him too far. When he chooses, he can give his readers Stevenson's luxury of laying aside the judgment and being submerged by the tale as by a billow. But the trouble is that he often chooses the worst part. Instead of letting himself go, he will prefer to keep your head prosaically safe above the water, or even to drag you ashore, while he expounds in diverting and ingenious words the sequence of the tides. Thus the duels are never described directly in "The Tragic Comedians" or in "Beauchamp's Career," while the horse-whipping in the latter book is only alluded to. The divorce-case in "Diana," and Lord Fleetwood's nocturnal visit to Carinthia are similarly ignored, except by way of allusion. Things happen, of vital moment to the story. We only hear of them incidentally. The Greek dramatists employed a Messenger to tell the audience such incidents, but while Meredith creates an equivalent to the Greek chorus, he forgets to include in his *dramatis personæ* any Messenger, the result being that his method of telling a story frequently suggests a forgetfulness

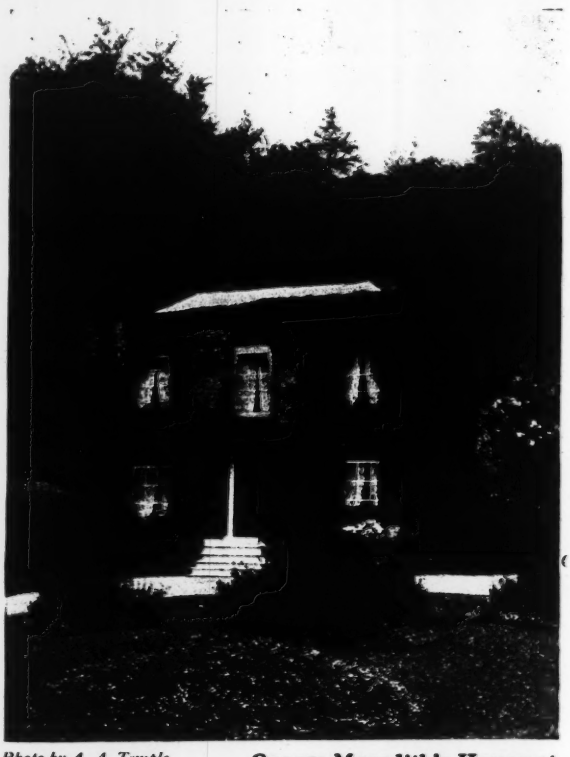


Photo by A. A. Temple. **George Meredith's House at Box Hill, from the drive.**

of the distinctions between the psychological essay and the romance. Thus, in the searching and poignant sequence of poems entitled "Modern Love," it is not easy, even after a second or third reading, to make out the precise facts which underlie the actions and emotions of the husband and the wife as they blunder against one another in the snare of their own devising. But this perverse habit of allusiveness became more irritating than ever in the prose romances, when the author had less excuse for his failure to be explicit and definite.

Style is ultimately a matter of temperament, and it is the same passion for suggesting a multiplicity of more or less obvious ideas which is largely responsible for the elliptic discords and the conceits in Meredith's brilliant and energetic phrasing. After Rosamund Culling had listened to Dr. Shrapnel, "it was perceptible to her that a species of mad metaphor had been wriggling and tearing its passage through a thorn-bush in his discourse, with the furious urgency of a sheep in a panic; but where the ostensible subject ended and the metaphor commenced, and which was which at the conclusion, she found it difficult to discern." *De te fabula*, the exasperated reader of Meredith is often tempted to exclaim. No one can go quite so far wrong as a clever man, when he sets his mind to it, or rather as a genius who is also a clever man and who, as Henley grumbled, sometimes prefers his cleverness to his genius. But the genius is there, and it reasserts itself before long, even in the most ornate and grotesque chapters of the novels. Yes, "genius" is the word for him, intellectual and imaginative genius. The *Times* reviewer singled out his first great romance as "penetrative in its depth of insight and rich in its variety of experience," while George Eliot

had already hailed "The Shaving of Shagpat" as "a work of genius" in its own way. The subsequent novels bore out the promise of these initial works. The four most characteristic of the series—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "The Egoist," "Beauchamp's Career," and "Diana of the Crossways"—rank among the contributions of the Victorian age to the great literature of English fiction. They possess the line and colour of masterpieces, stamped with the individuality of a profound intellect. And they are flanked by poems such as the "Hymn to Colour," "The Nuptials of Attila," "Earth and a Wedded Woman," "The Thrush in February," "Juggling Jerry," "The Woods of Westermain," "Love in a Valley," and "Melampus"—to name only representative specimens of the author's versatile talent. These all testify to the essentially "great" note of his mind, to the extraordinary penetration and wide grasp which inform the luxuriant fancy and terse energy of the style upon the higher levels of his prose or verse.

Photo by A. A. Temple. **The Châlet at Box Hill, where much of George Meredith's work was done.**

For Meredith's eccentricity is of expression rather than of ideas. Like his own "later Alexandrian," "mystic wrynesses he chased"—and caught and fondled. The style is often as condensed and enigmatic as the digressions are prolix. But his thought, or rather his penetrating outlook upon life, has an equipoise and unity of its own. His ideal of life according to Nature saves him, even in his most daring and radical moments, from falling into the extravagances of the crude theorist, who would either flout Nature or worship natural instincts or fall into raptures before the "green thought in the green shade." One of the best illustrations of this balance occurs in his stringent criticism of plutocratic society in "The Empty Purse" and in "Beauchamp's Career," where his denunciations are carefully accompanied by a frank recognition of the place due to tradition and of the risks run by the extreme reformer. But perhaps a comparison of his treatment of the lark with the similar poems of Shelley and Wordsworth will serve to bring out what is meant by the equilibrium of his judgment. To Shelley the lark represented an "unbodied joy," which scorns and surpasses the earthly measures of men. Wordsworth saw in its mounting and dropping an emblem of "the wise who soar, but never roam" from their appointed lot on earth. Meredith combines the joy and the link with earth in a higher synthesis. His lines upon "The Lark Ascending" begin with a passage of genuine poetry describing the bird's song:

"He rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All intervolved and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls."

But Meredith finds in the lark a truth of his own philosophy. The lark's song thrills with that simple and rich joy of earth which comes from a life in harmony with Nature. The bird's song expresses the rapture of its natural existence, whereas, he contends, men are prone to fall out of touch with their surroundings and conditions.

"Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood;
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality."

The inward, spiritual interpretation of the bird's song, as it mounts alive and aglow with the joy of the earth below it, is that the true love of earth means self-

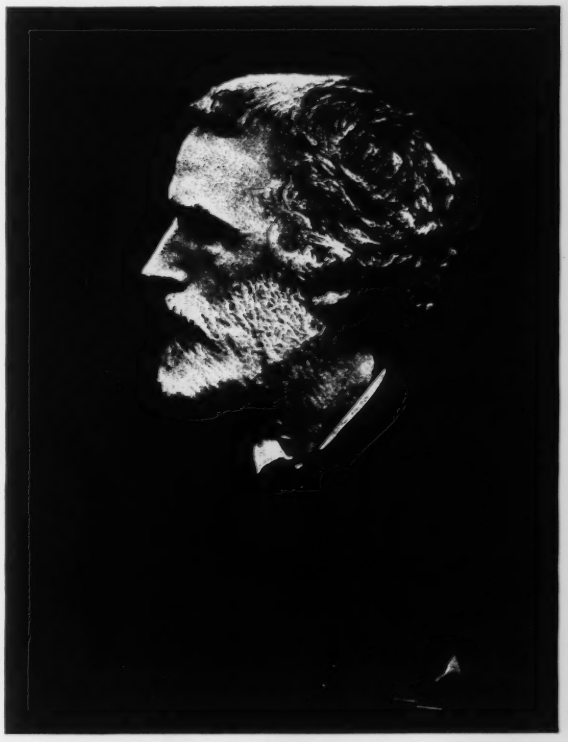


Photo by Messrs. Thomson, The Grosvenor Studios, New Bond Street. **George Meredith.**

Photo by Mr. George H. Perkins. Reproduced with his permission.

George Meredith talking with Mr. and Mrs. Clement Shorter on the occasion of the Whitefriars Club Annual Outing in the Summer of 1902.

forgetfulness. What spoils the happiness and strength of men, the poet argues, is their rampant egoism; they exaggerate their personal likes and dislikes until they lose touch with the great, sane, wise order of Nature, and fall into the extravagance either of passion or of melancholy. Real eccentricity, according to Meredith, lay in egoism, and it was against this error in every phase of life that he shot his sharpest arrows. False pride, in its variety of forms, represented to him the really abnormal thing in human life. If his analysis of it became frequently hyper-subtle, the reason is that he felt its ramifications rayed out from a central error and were in many cases undetected alike by the sinner and the spectators, simply because they failed to grasp the constituent relation of human life to the natural order. He enjoyed splitting psychological seeds. He enjoyed the display of his own dexterity in handling them. But, at his best, when the method ceased to be over-intellectual, and the materials were other than some wilful derangement or aberration, he made his readers feel that he was taking a survey of human life from its centre, and not merely cataloguing with caustic insight the delicate traceries and gossamer filaments upon fantastic orchids in some garden of modern civilisation.

When a criticism of life is passed through the creative imagination of a novelist and poet, its effectiveness largely depends upon the particular form assumed by his analysis. Meredith did not choose an easy form. He abjured satire and irony, which any one could have understood, little as they might have liked them. He chose a subtle, intellectual form of humour which he dubbed the Comic Spirit, and the main difficulty of appreciating his treatment of life arises from this idiosyncrasy. It is often so delicate, and makes such heavy demands upon the wit of the reader, as to suggest an eccentricity, a wilfulness, a perversity, which is unfairly attributed to the original and stimulating philosophy which it embodies. Fortunately, the "Essay on Comedy" supplies the necessary clue to the poems and the novels alike, especially to the latter. "Comedy is the fountain of sound sense; not the less perfectly sound on account of the sparkle." "Philosopher and comic poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life: and they are equally unpopular with our wilful English of the hazy region and the ideal that is not to be disturbed." Meredith's humour is exactly defined in the last of these sentences. It is the humour of a serious thinker who, for all the fun and farce in him, wants to disturb conventional ideas and ideals. For an appreciation of his method he had to create his public, and the comparatively slow recognition of his genius has been due in part to his own mischievous delight in puzzling his audience, in part to the difficulty which people felt about taking grave criticisms of society from a writer of gaiety and romance. Still, the philosophy of his laughter has won its way at last. Its success has been and will be hindered by the handicap which he imposed on himself, but its impact is now recognised, and recognised as a factor in the increase of sanity and sincerity throughout modern life. "He did stout service in his day. If the bad manners he scourged are now lessened to some degree, we pay a debt in remembering that we owe much to him; and if what appears incurable remains with us, a continued reading of his works will at least help to combat it." Meredith wrote these words about one of his great predecessors in English fiction, and we are justified to-day in applying to himself what he said gratefully of Thackeray.

THE ORDEAL OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

By M. Sturge Henderson.

IF irony were not forbidden us at such a moment, we should be tempted to smile at the paradoxical treatment the nation has accorded to its latest hero. George Meredith is dead. His death is made the first occasion for a genuine recognition of his life. He is denied, presumably on theological grounds, interment in Westminster Abbey; yet two ecclesiastical ceremonies accompany his burial. His warfare is accomplished, and he is, perhaps generally, believed to have fought and won; but the climax of his achievement is far ahead of him; the fruits and extent of his victory are not even conjecturable as yet. The campaign opened in a now almost forgotten past. It is fifty-three years since he wrote admonishing the hero of his first romance:

"Thou that dreamest an Event
While Circumstance is but a waste of sand,
Arise, take up thy fortunes in thy hand,
And daily forward pitch thy tent."

By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

George Meredith.

His first volume of poetry was published the year after the "Prelude," his first volume of prose before the earliest of George Eliot's novels. Since that time he has produced, besides short stories and essays, thirteen novels and nine volumes of verse. It must often have been a hard matter for him, as he daily pitched his tent or folded it, to decide whether his fortunes were taking him forward or back. Till twenty years ago his work was the possession of a few; now in literary circles he is accorded a pre-eminence unparalleled in England since Wordsworth was at the height of his vogue; but to the larger world, the busy world that reads for recreation, he remains comparatively unknown. The fact is strange, the more so because it is this very world of affairs—the world to which in fact he addressed himself—which has need of him. He is a great literary artist, but he was never content to build his palace with borrowed materials or borrowed tools. His ideas are his own; above all else he is a reformer, one, moreover, whose thought has long been moulding the vanguard of our political life. "Our faith is ours and comes not on a tide," he writes in his sonnet "To J. M." and closes the poem with prophecy that his friend will, with the strength of Roland,

"hew
A chasm sheer into the barrier rock
And bring the army of the faithful through."

Even more of a liberal and democrat in age than he had been in youth, Meredith's optimism was no sentimentality. He saw, and took care to acknowledge and proclaim that he saw, the cost of our undertakings. His reliance on the future is firm, but it is on a future "far, far," if distinct, that he relies, and not on an achievement compassable by any facile expedient. He hears "a faint crow of the cock of fresh mornings," and

"Glad eyes, frank hands, and a fellowship real,
And laughter on lips, as the birds' outburst
At the flooding of light,"

these are what that distant cock-crow heralds. An aristocrat and an artist by nature, he could know no temptation to think of beauty or worth or even happiness as easily to be produced. And further he perceived that there can be no going back, no Morris-like reversal to a beauty of bygone times, no reinstatement of "the grand old Egoism that aforetime built the House." He saw things as they are, bending his mind to all that is peculiar in the problems we have to face to-day,

Photo by Bolak.

Burford Bridge—"Meredith's Village"—near Box Hill.

and what he saw "Foresight and Patience" tells us summarily:

"Advantage to the Many; that we name
God's voice; have there the surety in our aim. . . .
Now let the perils thicken! clearer seen
Your Chieftain Mind mounts over them serene.
Who never yet of scattered lamps was born
To speed a world, a marching world to warn,
But sunward from the vivid Many springs,
Counts conquest but a step, and through disaster sings."

The day of Individualism is past, the day of Community is coming, and the future is in the hands of those who voluntarily ally themselves with the forces that make for it. The ideal is not realised, but it is in sight at least. Society has not learned to control its limbs, but it feels itself an organism. And strenuously Meredith calls on the rich and fortunate, those who have had opportunity to see and care for beauty, to fall into line, to take their place in the ranks, lest the field and the future be possessed by mere materialists. The danger to which he is peculiarly alive is that by which the sensitive cultured mind is disassociated from invigorating contact with live issues and sinks away into an apathy which ends in scepticism.

"Wisdom is won of the fight,
The combat incessant; and dries
To mummywrap, perching a height.
It chews the contemplative cud
In peril of isolate scorn,
Unfed of the onward flood.
Nor view we a different morn
If we gaze with the deeper sight,
With the deeper thought forewise:
The world is the same, seen through;
The features of men are the same.
But let their historian new
In the language of nakedness write,
Rejoice we to know not shame,
Not a dread, not a doubt: to have done
With the tortures of thought in the throes,
Our animal tangle, and grasp
Very sap of the vital in this:
That from flesh unto spirit man grows
Even here on the sod under sun."

Meredith's main answer to the sceptic is that spiritual growth is proceeding observably under our eyes. And the key to the secret of it is a moral, intellectual, spiritual, imaginative courage.

In Meredith's thinking, courage heads the virtues. His feeling for courage drew him to the Japanese and Bushido, and throbs through his entire work. Deliberate, reasoned warfare with fear is his panacea for individual and social maladies. And here, as elsewhere, direct personal experience is the source of his conviction. He had been a prey in youth to the half-æsthetic nervousness so common in our time. At twenty years old he closed with the demon and conquered it. Thereafter he fought on behalf of his fellows and principally of women. Courage—more courage and more—to front all kinds of snobbery and false convention, courage to turn from the pseudo-poetic, the pseudo-religious, this he saw as the crying need of our day. Most of his novels and poems, all

From the pen-and-ink drawing by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

The Crossways Farm (Abinger Hammer, Surrey).

The original of the Crossways house in "Diana of the Crossways."

From a drawing by George Du Maurier.

Harry Richmond meets the Princess Ottila.

"We in good easy swing of the feet gave her a look as we lifted our hats."

From a drawing by George Du Maurier.

Harry Richmond and Janet Ilchester visit Julia Bulsted.

"At first she was shy, stole out a coy line of fingers to be shaken, and lisped; and out of that mood came right-about-face, with an exclamation of regret that she supposed she must not kiss me now. I projected, she drew back. 'Shall Janet go?' said I."

TWO ILLUSTRATIONS OF "HARRY RICHMOND."

(Reproduced from the *Cornhill*, by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.)

his heroes and heroines, are variants on this theme, and his last word on the subject has been the same as his first. In the amazing allegory that formed his earliest essay in fiction, the hero Shibli Bagarag, a Reformer trained and tested for service, encounters, as his final and fiercest temptation, sight of the Ferrying Figure. Long ago, at the outset of his career, Shibli had been tempted by sensual satisfactions, had mistaken illusions for realities. He has now to learn that it is possible to mistake realities for illusions. His life is dedicate, he is aflame with his mission, when the visage of Death confronts him; he views her, not incidentally, but with the mind; in the language of the allegory, he "peers behind the veil." The consequences are awful: his universe rocks; a moral paralysis gets hold of him and life itself becomes unreal. Merely as a philosophical idea, Meredith's linking of this last ordeal with Shibli's earliest temptations—revealing it as a swing of the pendulum, the old incapacity for separating illusion from reality on its reverse side—would be interesting enough. But with Meredith the thought is vital; it is at the heart of his life, the key and corner-stone of his work. The magic forest of life, he tells us, is thick-set with tangles; but it holds no unconquerable terrors; its dragons, including the giant spectre of Death, have no force that the mind of man may not subdue. The thought vibrates through every line of "The Woods of Westermain," and rings out in the opening stanza like a trumpet call:

"Enter these enchanted woods,
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at a dread of dark
Quaver and they quit their form:
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.
ENTER THESE ENCHANTED WOODS
YOU WHO DARE."

Part, certainly, of his greatness has lain in his ungrudging fortification of the teaching from this personal experiences of his life. Few of those who stood at his open grave, alongside the mound marked M. M. and the date, but must have recalled a day twenty years earlier. His own death can have had no sting for him, no "pangs to conquer trust," comparable to those of that "morning of May" which his great poem, perhaps the greatest of his poems, has immortalised; when

"The crowned Shadow poising dart
Hung over her: she, my own,
My good companion, mate,
Pulse of me: she who had shown
Fortitude quiet as Earth's
At the shedding of leaves."

Yet as this marvellous narrative closes, he can tell of conquest and acceptance in words that for some of us have become linked indissolubly with our conception of fortitude itself:

"I bowed as a leaf in rain;
As a tree when the leaf is shed
To winds in the season at wane:
And when from my soul I said
May the worm be trampled: smite
Sacred Reality! power
Filled me to front it aright,
I had come of my faith's ordeal."

There is an idea afloat that Meredith has been more successful in showing what his faith is not than in showing what it is; and it may be allowed that he was led to insist more than he needed on his divergences from the accepted creed of his country. Yet his influence could never have been what as a matter of fact it is, and still more will be, had this insistence been less marked. His attitude to life and religion may be understood best by relating it to a question asked long ago by Plato and answered in the most compre-

Photo by Ernest H. Mills, Hampstead.

George Meredith at Box Hill.

Sarah Grand at his left hand.

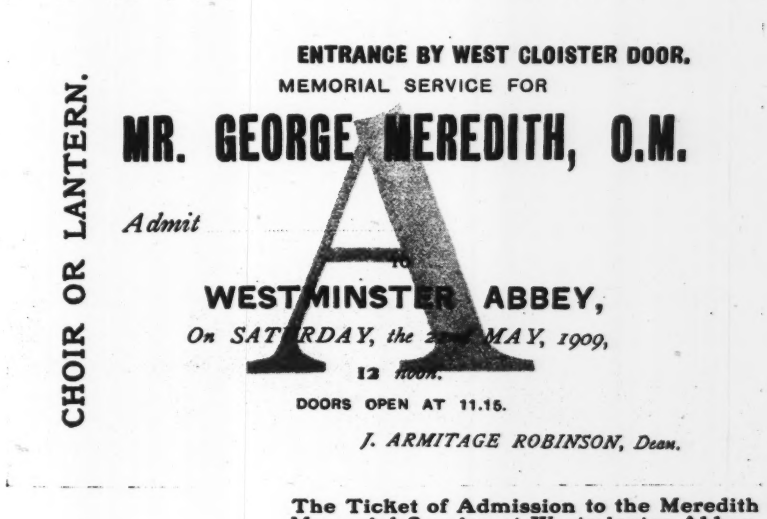
hensive and the most celebrated of his dialogues. The theme was the nature of justice, or virtue in general, and it had been pointed out conclusively that the life of the good man had a far higher value than that of the bad and a far higher reward. But then the hard question arose, whether the higher value of the good life was really separable from its higher reward and independent of it. If heaven, and prosperity, and every adventitious happiness are withdrawn from the good man, including even the love and confidence of his fellows, has his goodness then any value left, is there still any good for him in being good? Modernise the question, recollecting that the answer to it if it is to have practical bearing upon contemporary life, must take stock of all that two thousand years of life and thought have added to enrich, but also to complicate, the experience of humankind, and you have before you the focusing point of Meredith's thought and the foundation of the strength of his optimism. Goodness, he says everywhere, is immensely desirable, a splendid goal for man's most strenuous effort, and simply because it is itself. Whatever may be in store for them in the future—leaving that question, a dangerous and perhaps an unanswerable question, on one side—Meredith announces to men that, as men, it is worth their while to pursue the perfection of their nature here and now. The spirit of the Good has been breathed into them from their birth by the earth, their mother, and, though illusions be many, the belief in the possibility of a harmonious life, the "dream of the blossom of good," a heaven realisable on earth, is not among them. Talking, however, will not bring it; action will.

Photo by Bolak.

George Meredith taking his daily drive near his home at Box Hill.

"Not argument but effort shall decide."

Can there be any reason why those who are so happy as to be able to feel this outlook limited should view it with suspicious eyes? We live in a period of scepticism; and scepticism, a malady recurrent in human annals, asks a fresh antidote each time it recurs. The antidote to our English scepticism of to-day is provided by Meredith, by his work and by the life behind it—a life of growing serenity and widening vision achieved under almost every form of testing and sifting that falls to man's lot. Poverty, deep domestic trials, bitterness, derision and persistent neglect—all these he has experienced in full measure. Yet to speak of him as fundamentally unsoured and unembittered is to fall far short of the fact. From first to last he has been a byword in his day and generation for encouragement and appreciation of others, his own work meanwhile unappreciated and mainly because of its greatness and truth. As theory, as a contribution to philosophy, Meredith's treatment of the subject of immortality may not be a matter to be very seriously counted with. But there is too much said about this topic. The point is that he would have been content to leave it alone.


ENTRANCE BY WEST CLOISTER DOOR.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M.

Admit

A

TO

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

On SATURDAY, the 22nd MAY, 1909,

12 *noon.*

DOORS OPEN AT 11.15.

J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON, Dean.

CHOIR OR LANTERN.

The Ticket of Admission to the Meredith Memorial Service at Westminster Abbey.

Kindly lent by Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

The object of his life was to induce men to turn from the contingencies of the future to the certainties of the present, and to give themselves to these certainties with a joyful courage. The crown of his effort has been his own accomplishment, his personal demonstration of the sufficingness of the Divine self-revelation in life as we know it, earth as we see it, to the needs of the spirit of man. And truly applicable to himself is the thought which underlies the farewell words spoken to him by the Spirit of Earth in his hour of trial:

"Soon to be seen of a host
The flag of the Master I serve!
And life in them doubled on Life,
As flame upon flame, to behold,
High over Time-tumbled sea,
The bliss of his headship of strife,
Him through handmaiden me."

GEORGE MEREDITH'S FIRST BOOK.

BY MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN.

POEMS:

BY

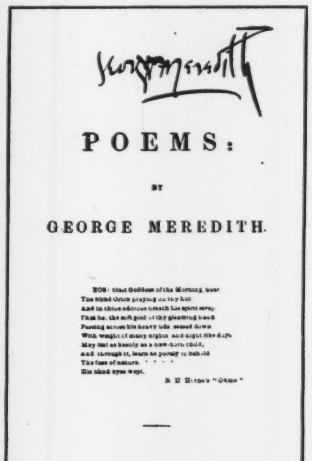
GEORGE MEREDITH.

EOS! blest Goddess of the Morning, hear
The blind Orion praying on thy hill.
And in thine odorous breath his spirit steep,
That he, the soft gold of thy gleaming hand
Passing across his heavy lids, sealed down
With weight of many nights, and night-like days
May feel as keenly as a new-born child,
And, through it, learn as purely to behold
The face of nature. * * * *
His blind eyes wept.

R. H. HORNE'S "ORION."

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON,
WEST STRAND.

SO runs the title-page of George Meredith's first book, a book which even at the not exorbitant price of five shillings failed to attract even a moderate share of public attention, despite the sympathetic reception accorded to it by Mr. William Michael Rossetti in the *Critic* and Charles Kingsley in *Fraser's Magazine*. Five shillings, forsooth! Yet a generation later, when collectors were slowly realising that they must find room on their shelves for Meredith if they wanted their collections of Victorian writers to be really representative, one or two booksellers began to specialise in the novels, and any who lighted upon a copy of "Poems, 1851," as the book is generally called, asked for it anything from eight to ten guineas, according to state. By 1900 it had gone to twenty pounds, and now it stands, as a rule, not lower than twenty-five and at times higher than thirty. The enthusiasm represented by these figures, however, came too late to be of benefit to the author so far as that book is concerned, for he seems to have distributed it almost lavishly among his friends, if we may judge from the number of presentation copies which have appeared in the market during the past quarter of a century; and it may well be doubted whether Mr. Meredith ever realised by its publication even the sum for which a single copy could be purchased in 1851.


George Meredith

POEMS:

BY

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The face of nature. * * * *
His blind eyes wept.

R. H. HORNE'S "ORION."

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON,
WEST STRAND.

Title-page of the First Edition of George Meredith's "Poems," with Signature.

From the library of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

The collation of this desirable little volume expressed in up-to-date bibliographical terms is as follows: Foolscap octavo. Pp. viii + 160, consisting of half-title, "Poems," with blank verso, pp. [i–ii]; title-page as above, p. [iii]; imprint, "London: / Vizetelly and Company, Printers, / Fleet Street." in centre of p. [iv]; dedication, "To / Thomas Love Peacock, Esq. / this volume / is dedicated with the profound admiration and affectionate / respect of his / Son-in-law. / Weybridge, / May, 1851." with blank verso, pp. [v–vi]; contents, pp. [vii–viii]; and text, pp. 1–160, both the first and the last pages being, like all the preliminary pages, unnumbered. The signatures are B to K, ten sheets of eight leaves each; the first four leaves bear no signature. The headlines vary throughout to accord with the text. The leaves measure $6\frac{11}{16} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. A slip containing four errata is inserted sometimes at the beginning, sometimes at the end of the book, but this slip does not occur in all copies. Issued uncut in dark green or purple cloth boards, ornamented on the sides with blind stamping and lettered in gilt across the back "Poems / by / George / Meredith" with three gilt lines at the top and three at the bottom. The end papers are glazed and primrose colour.

The exact date of publication I have been unable to ascertain. The British Museum copy (press mark C 58, *b* 9) bears the date of receipt, 1 July 1851, and reviews of the book appeared in the *Leader* and the *Spectator* on July 5. In a letter to James Vizetelly, the author said, "I am sorry to say I discover a great

many new and original mistakes in my Book, of which both the MS. and proofs were utterly guiltless," and as that letter was dated May 26, 1851, it may, perhaps, be assumed that the book left the binder's hands some time in May. The errata slip was probably the outcome of the letter quoted above, and for the satisfaction of those who possess copies of the book without it, I venture to record the opinion that such copies are not necessarily incomplete. "Convictions," said Mr. Meredith, "are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices." For some years I entertained the conviction that the absence of that slip indicated an imperfect copy, but I never applied the seal of prejudice, and I have now changed my opinion. It is reasonable to suppose that copies left the publishers' hands before the mistakes had been listed, and such copies, never having had the slip, cannot be regarded as imperfect. Similar instances are to be found from the seventeenth century onwards, and as an appropriate example the case of Keats's "Endymion" may be cited. "Endymion" occurs sometimes with a leaf bearing a solitary erratum, and sometimes with a leaf upon which five errors are noted; and furthermore, copies with the single erratum leaf not infrequently contain also a five-errata slip. In each case the book is an example of the first edition and complete in itself; yet there can be no doubt that the first-named was issued before the others. On the same grounds I assume that "Poems, 1851," without a slip, is "as issued" unless there are unmistakable signs of the slip having been removed. The British Museum copy has no slip, and there is nothing in it to suggest that it ever had one.

The list of contents consists of fifty-one entries, which it is needless to give *in extenso* here, as all the poems save one are to be found in Vol. XXXI. of the complete edition of Meredith's works, published by Messrs. Constable in 1896–8, where they appear under the head of "Poems Written in Early Youth." The one omitted from the reprint is the song beginning "Should thy love die." The ten "Pastorals," which are covered by one entry in the table of contents and fill pages 84 to 105, bring the total number of poems in the volume up to sixty. Into the putting together of this collection an insight is afforded by a letter, recently in the possession of Messrs. Maggs Bros. of the Strand, which has now found a home in America. This letter, bearing no date, reads thus:

"WEYBRIDGE

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If possible put the enclosed *Hexameters* among the 'pastorals'—that is to say, if not too late. Also 'Love in the Valley'—but separate the two—and put neither *first* among the pastorals—and let the Songs 'Spring'—'Autumn' be *last* among them. 'July' is to follow 'Antigone' and then 'Beauty Rohtraut.'

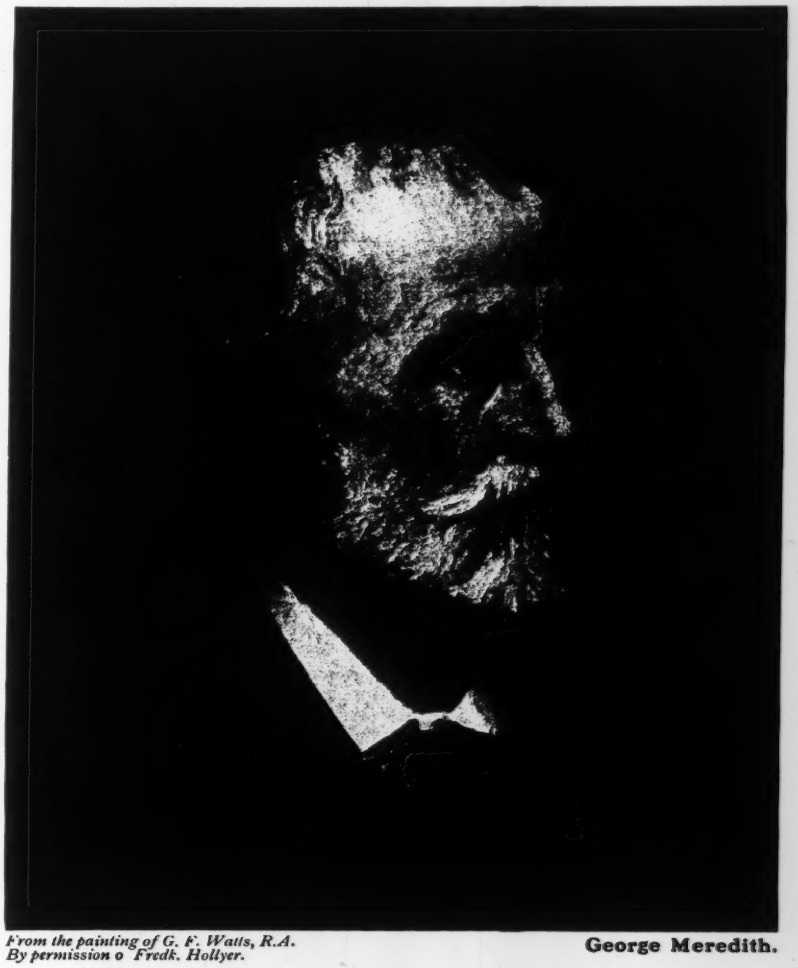
"I hope to hear from you to-morrow about *Idomeneus* and that the volume will soon be finished

"Very truly

"GEORGE MEREDITH

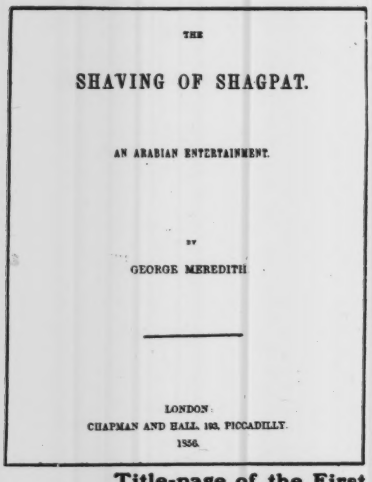
"JAMES VIZETELLY ESQ"

The hexameters are those referred to by Charles Kingsley as "careless as hexameters; but honest landscape-painting; and only he who begins honestly ends greatly." "Love in the Valley," let us be thankful, was not too late; it was placed at the end of the pastorals, so that the author's wishes in regard to the position of "Spring" and "Autumn" were not carried out, and those two songs were put immediately following the hexameters. Nor did the printer oblige the poet in the matter of the arrangement of "July," "Antigone," and "Beauty Rohtraut." The last-named piece follows upon the pastorals, four poems separate it from "Antigone," and three come between "Antigone" and "July." "Idomeneus" appears in the volume as "The Shipwreck of Idomeneus."



From the painting of G. F. Watts, R.A. By permission of Fredk. Hollyer.

George Meredith.


THE

SHAVING OF SHAGPAT.

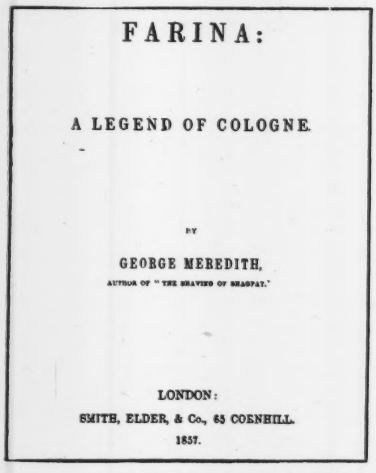
AN ARABIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

BY

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1856.

Title-page of the First Edition of "The Shaving of Shagpat."
From the library of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.


FARINA:

A LEGEND OF COLOGNE.

BY

GEORGE MEREDITH,
AUTHOR OF "THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT."

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 65 CORNHILL.
1857.

Title-page of the First Edition of "Farina."
From the library of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

Of these sixty poems three at least had previously appeared in print, and it is not unlikely that others lie hidden in the pages of defunct journals. Indeed, Mr. Lane in his useful bibliography says with reference to "The Olive Branch," the first poem in the book: "I am informed that this piece was first published in some magazine, but I have been unable to trace it." "Beauty Rohtraut (from Möricke)" had appeared in the *Leader* for September 14, 1850 (Vol. I., No. 25, p. 597), as "The Ballad of Beauty Rohtraut," the only variation from the later text being in the first line of verse 3, which ran—

"Beneath an old oak tree once they sat,"

instead of—

"Under a gray old oak they sat,"

as in the book version. The original German ballad is to be found in a little volume of "Gedichte" by Eduard Möricke, published at Stuttgart in 1848. This is how the German poet tells the tale:

SCHÖN-ROHTRAUT.

"Wie heisst König Ringangs Töchterlein?
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut.
Was thut sie denn den ganzen Tag,
Da sie wohl nicht spinnen und nähen mag?
Thut fischen und jagen.
O dass ich doch ihr Jäger wär'!
Fischen und jagen freute mich sehr.
Schweig' stille, mein Herze!

"Und über eine kleine Weil',
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut,
So dient der Knab' auf Ringangs Schloss
In Jägertracht und hat ein Ross,
Mit Rohtraut zu jagen.
O dass ich doch ein Königssohn wär'!
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut lieb' ich so sehr.
Schweig' stille, mein Herze!

"Einsmals sie ruhten am Eichenbaum,
Da lacht Schön-Rohtraut:
Was sichst mich an so wunniglich?
Wenn du das Herz hast, küsse mich!
Ach! erschrack der Knabe!
Doch denket er: mir ist's vergunnt,
Und küsset Schön-Rohtraut auf den Mund.
Schweig' stille, mein Herze!

"Darauf sie ritten schweigend heim,
Rohtraut, Schön-Rohtraut;
Es jauchzt der Knab' in seinem Sinn:
Und würd'st du heute Kaiserin,
Mich sollt's nicht kränken:
Ihr tausend Blätter im Walde wisst,
Ich hab' Schön-Rohtrauts Mund geküsst!
Schweig' stille, mein Herze!"

"Sorrows and Joys" was the first poem contributed to *Household Words* by Mr. Meredith, and "The Two Blackbirds" was the second. The former will be found in the first volume of Dickens's journal on pp. 517–8, in the number for August 24, 1850, and the latter in the second volume on p. 157, in the issue for November 9, 1850. Before these poems were printed in the 1851 volume, the author made several minor and a few important alterations in them. Passing over the minor changes it will suffice to record here that the sixth and seventh triplets in the original version of "Sorrows and Joys" changed places in the reprint: the eighth triplet of the original—

"O, make thy sorrows holy—wise—
So shall their buried memories rise,
Celestial, e'en in mortal skies."

is omitted in the reprint, and the ninth and tenth triplets stood thus:

"O, think what then had been their doom,
If all unshriven—without a tomb—
They had been left to haunt the gloom!

"O, think again what they will be
Beneath God's bright serenity,
When thou art in eternity!"

The last Portrait of George Meredith.
(Copyright.) By permission of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.

From the drawing by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz").

"The Three Maidens."

"Said they to the youngest, 'Why walk you there so still?
The land is dark, the night is late:'
'O, but the heart in my side is ill,
And the nightingale will languish for its mate.'"
—*George Meredith.*

From the drawing by Sir John Millais.

"The Crown of Love."

From the drawing by Charles Keene.

Evan and Rose in the Conservatory.

"She plucked both a white and red rose, saying: 'There! choose your colour by-and-by, and ask Juley to sew the one you choose in your button-hole.'"—*Evan Harrington.*

From the drawing by Charles Keene.

Tom Cogglesby's Arrival at Beckley Court.

"The donkey-cart, in which old Tom Cogglesby sat alone, bunchy in figure, bunched in face, his shrewd grey eyes twinkling under the bush of his eyebrows."—*Evan Harrington.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MEREDITH'S EARLIER WORK.

(Reproduced from *Once a Week* by permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

In the book they stand thus :

"O, think what then had been thy doom,
If homeless and without a tomb,
They had been left to haunt the gloom !

"O, think again what now they are—
Motherly love, tho' dim and far,
Imaged in every lustrous star."

In "The Two Blackbirds" a new verse is added, verse 3 :

"Strange anguish in that creature's breast,
Unwept like human grief, unsaid,
Has quickened in its lonely nest
A living impulse from the dead."

In the third line of verse 7 (revised version) "woodland life" takes the place of "wingéd life," and the last line of the poem is changed from

"A pitying, loving sympathy."

to

"A self-forgetful sympathy."

Of the connection between these two *Household Words* poems and the quotation from the sixth, not the farthing, edition of Horne's "Orion" on the title-page of "Poems, 1851," something might be said, but that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

THE LAUREATE OF THE SEA

(ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE).

IT is strange, but nevertheless true, that in all ages of the world's civilisation the finest, rarest, and most prophetic thoughts of man have invariably set themselves to rhythmic expression. The sound-waves in space which science is now utilising to convey messages across wide seas from one distant land to another are not more real than the sound-waves of inspiration and imagination, which, rolling along in measured movement with breathing pauses between, strike the human brain and form in its cells that concordance and harmony of language which we call Poetry. Poetry is declared by Aristotle to be the pleasure of a truth,—Bacon asserts it to be that of a lie,—but both writers admit that whatever may be its other aims, its chief object is to excite pleasure. The poet is not always a melodist ; equally the melodist is not always a poet. A poetic thought may be offered to the reader in a jumble of discordant lines such as Browning was often wont to employ, though few will contend that the thought would not gain in point and impressiveness were it rendered harmoniously. Again, a melodist may fit vague utterances or mere words together which convey no intrinsic sense of beauty or meaning, yet they will appeal to many unthinking readers with a suggestive sweetness which haunts the memory simply because placed in a tuneful setting. To numbers of men and women any jingling rhyme means poetry, and they are quite unable to discern the difference between good and bad verse.

"Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are"

would probably seem to them far more sensible and lucid than Shakespeare's lines—

"Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven
Having some business do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return—
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night."

The one is mere jingle ; the other matchless poetry ; but to the majority of minds the poetry would be obscure and "far-fetched," while the jingle would be simple and comprehensible.

To really understand and take pleasure in the fine delights of perfect poetry the student must be gifted in no ordinary degree. Such an one must have a delicate musical ear, a sense of proportion which may almost be termed sculptural, and a quick perception of that further outlook beyond time and space which every great poet always suggests without any personal consciousness of the suggestion, such as Keats writes of in the lines—

"My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream."

Things "beyond the shadow of a dream" are the poet's province, and we must be prepared to accompany him in his pursuit, or else remain behind him altogether.

This is how it happens that the greater part of the reading public are a long way behind Swinburne, the unique singer who has now taken that last onward step which lifts him out of our ken into the higher and wider life. He was a poet entirely above the comprehension of newspaper critics who found it more amusing to parody his lines and ridicule his methods than take the trouble to study and understand them. The curiously witless observations on his genius made by so many who have written of him since his death are remarkable testimony to the egotism of the writers as compared with the towering superiority of the dead man they profess to honour. It is a pious opinion with not a few of them that his reputation might rest upon his early triumph, "Atalanta in Calydon," chiefly, it is to be supposed, because this particular poem of a great modern master was the only one they ever took the pains to read. Mr. Bernard Shaw's ludicrous admission of his own ineptitude is amusingly chronicled in his confession in last month's BOOKMAN : "I never got anything from Swinburne except the musical pleasure of reading his verse, and I could not go on very long

with that any more than I could make my dinner off raspberry jam." One might compassionate a poet for being so foolishly judged after his death by foolish critics, if one did not know how infinitely above them all his genius soars, even as the genius of John Keats soared above the coarse penster who told him to "go back to his gallipots." Swinburne was, or rather *is* one of the greatest of English poets, and will take his place prominently among the very few who are destined to appeal to a far distant posterity. He was a perfect master in an art unpractised before his time,—the art of modulating the plain terse English language into the dulcet measures native to the literature of the South and the softness of Southern tongues. No one before or since Swinburne has deliberately started to build up English verse on Italian and Provençal metres, and to give to our often rough sounding consonants an almost Italian smoothness. There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have made a study of early Italian and old French ballads that Swinburne often carefully and most artistically planned his rhyming sequences on those suggested to him by the old-time minstrels of Southern lands, and the wonder of it all is that he was able to mould our language so deftly into these unaccustomed soft cadences. His friend, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was equally happy and skilful in his renderings of the early Italian poets, and it may be questioned if Swinburne, who must have frequently criticised and privately commented upon Rossetti's work, did not unconsciously borrow a few echoes of the subtle Southern music that rang through Rossetti's brain. Whether this be so or not, it is very instructive to read the First and Second series of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" alternately with Rossetti's "Translations of the Early Italian Poets," and to note how in many instances the one sound-wave of language appears to have met and mingled with the other. The British people are in the majority hopelessly ignorant of foreign tongues, and even the most educated among them are seldom students of the poesy of old Provence, therefore the original source or basis of any particular rhythm or metre borrowed from thence would be to them a matter of complete indifference. But to the literary student it is more than commonly interesting to trace resemblances such as exist between the Italian Canzonetta by Jacopo da Lentino (of Dante's period) commencing: "Madonna mia," and Swinburne's "Madonna Mia," not for any similarity of thought so much as for style of composition and measure of sound. Jacopo da Lentino, as translated by Rossetti reads thus:—

"My Lady mine, I send
These sighs in joy to thee,
Though loving to the end,
There were no hope for me,
That I should speak my love;
And I have loved indeed,
Though having fearful heed,
It was not spoken of."

The lines *tone* on the ear in a similar way to Swinburne's:—

"Under green apple boughs,
That never a storm will rouse,
My lady hath her house
Within two bowers.
In either of the twain
Red roses full of rain,
She hath for bondwomen
All kinds of flowers."

There is of course no question as to the superiority of Swinburne's cadence over that of Rossetti's rendering of da Lentino; it is merely the structural basis that one may consider for a moment, just as one considers the dull foundation of "Romeo and Juliet" as narrated in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," on which Shakespeare raised his immortal palace of poesy which we know as the only "Romeo and Juliet" in the world. "Madonna Mia" is one of the loveliest poems in the English language, yet it may be safely asserted that nineteen out of every twenty persons who profess to read Swinburne's poetry have never heard of it. One finds the new "Socialistic-Literary" school familiar with the poet's most glaring sins of fleshliness and blasphemy, and on these they gloat,—but with the purer, higher, better side of his inspiration they seem to be wholly unacquainted. Even in the one poem which the critical faculty generally appear to have read, "Atalanta in Calydon" they hardly allude to its finest part, the "Chorus," with its magnificent rush and swing of rhyme:

"Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man,
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran;
Pleasure with pain for leaven,
Summer with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from Heaven,
And madness risen from Hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of Death."

There is a dual nature in every man,—a twin force—the Material and Spiritual;—and at certain periods of life the two struggle for supreme mastery over the soul which one or the other must finally dominate. This period is distinctly marked out in Swinburne's life by his fine poem "The Triumph of Time," in which any perceptive student of human emotions can see this gifted spirit "whose heart-strings are a lute" pause as it were, on the summit of some high peak of utter desolation, and chant to the impassive gods the secret of his life's history ere going down into the shadows below. One feels that at this time some great hope was shipwrecked,—some strong faith betrayed.

"I will say no word that a man might say,
Whose whole life's love goes down in a day!"

The entire poem expresses what the poet himself had evidently dreamed of the higher possibilities of his life, had the glory of a perfect love been his. But he says:

"It will not grow again, this fruit of my heart,
Smitten with sunbeams, ruined with rain."

And then with a passionate wistfulness of regret goes on to show what might have been :—

"In the change of years, in the coil of things,
In the clamour and rumour of life to be,
We, drinking love at the furthest springs,
Covered with love as a covering tree,
We had grown as the gods, as the gods above,
Filled from the heart to the lips with love,
Held fast in his hands, clothed warm with his wings,
O love, my love, had you loved but me!

"We had stood as the sure stars stand and moved
As the moon moves, loving the world ; and seen
Grief collapse as a thing disproved,
Death consume as a thing unclean.
Twain halves of a perfect heart, made fast
Soul to soul while the years fell past ;
Had you loved me once as you have not loved ;
Had the chance been with us that has not been.

. . . . .

"I had grown pure as the dawn and the dew,
You had grown strong as the sun on the sea,
But none shall triumph a whole life through ;
For death is one, and the fates are three.
At the door of life, by the gate of breath,
There are worse things waiting for men than death ;
Death could not sever my soul and you,
As these have severed your soul from me.

"But you, had you chosen, had you stretched hand,
Had you seen good such a thing were done,
I too might have stood with the souls that stand
In the sun's light, clothed with the light of the sun ;
But who now on earth need care how I live ?
Have the high gods anything left to give,
Save dust and laurels and gold and sand ?
Which gifts are goodly ; but I will none."

"Dust and laurels and gold and sand," were the material of life as the poet accepted it without the one talisman that transmutes all commonness to divineness, Love, of which he writes :—

"the sun-god which is love,
A fiery body, blood-red from the heart
Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
That close not and unclose not, but upright
Steered without wind by their own light and might,
Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings."

And he promises he will keep his soul

"in a place out of sight,
Far off, where the pulse of it is not heard."

This promise was fulfilled literally. The soul of the singer burned no more with its pristine heat and glow after the "Poems and Ballads." Something went out of the early passion of his muse that never returned to it again. He had, as he averred, put his

"days and dreams out of mind,
Days that are over, dreams that are done."

This is easily perceived by a comparison of the Second Series of "Poems and Ballads" with the First. There is a lack of the former vigour ; the music is as sweet, but it is produced with a certain listlessness and indifference. Only on one subject does the fervour and eagerness of the once red-hot vitality remain,—the subject to which, after his break with the sweetest of human hopes, the poet devotes his highest remaining energies.

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea,
I will go down to her, I and none other,
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me.

. . . . .

"O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me within thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

. . . . .

"Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea!"

And he, who might have been a Laureate of love and lovely women, became by his own choice the Laureate of the Sea,—the express translator of the music of the waves—the elect singer of the glories of that terrific element which is more fickle than woman, more brilliant than beauty, more fierce than passion and more pitiless than betrayal. Homer alone can be compared to Swinburne in poetic praise of the sea. The Greek bard never chanted of ocean more superbly than Swinburne has done in "Tristram of Lyonesse," a poem apparently unfamiliar to Fleet Street oracles and "caviare to the general," yet surely one of the finest ever penned. Such lines as these are almost more Homeric than Homer :—

"And sword-like was the sound of the iron wind,
And like a breaking battle was the sea!"

The last magnificent image can hardly be matched in our language. Here is another Homeric line :—

"The light and sound and darkness of the sea!"

To some readers Swinburne's abundance of imagery and metaphor becomes bewildering ; he is a voice which "makes heaven drowsy with the harmony," and occasionally creates in the mind a confusion of ideas. His similes are seldom as lucid and distinct as those of Shakespeare, for example,—for though Shakespeare has comparisons in abundance they never lose in picturesqueness by superfluity of words. Sophocles, who is perhaps the purest of the Greek dramatists, never dwells on imagery for its own sake. He uses it to clothe his ideas ; and it may be said by objectors to Swinburne's methods that he has no ideas to clothe, and therefore sacrifices everything to the dominance of sensuous sound. Yet a very real and distinct word-picture is given in the following passage :—

"They, watching till the day should wholly die,
Saw the far sea sweep to the far grey sky,
Saw the long sands sweep to the long grey sea,
And night made one sweet mist of moor and lea,
And only far off-shore the foam gave light,
And life in them sank silent as the night."

Criticism as an art is well-nigh obsolete, and our magazines and daily newspapers have for the most part descended to such a level as to make it hopeless to expect any adequate testimony to the genius of Swinburne in the contemporary press. That Mr. Watts-

Dunton will write a book about his friend, is of course imminent, but charm he never so wisely it is not to Mr. Watts-Dunton that we must look for a true or final verdict on the poet's place among the Immortals. Mr. Watts-Dunton has been the Damon to Swinburne's Pythias for many years, and can scarcely, for this very reason, be accepted as an impartial critic. Certain Philistines are prone to declare that the fervour and *abandon* of Swinburne's muse was crushed by Mr. Watts-Dunton's proximity, and that while Mr. Watts-Dunton cared for the poet's physical health and well-being, the spiritual and mental power of his singing was checked and held in thrall by the very kindness which protected his life. It is quite possible that this might have been so. Too much kindness is as weakening to the poetic gift as too much cruelty is crushing. A good measure of struggle and adversity, disappointment and poverty seem as necessary to the making and continuance of a great poet as the hammer and anvil are necessary for the shaping of iron. Swinburne had no very hard beatings in life. His first efforts met with literary triumph, and for the rest of his career he was kept afloat on the high tide of critical favour by his own special "clique" which from the first was powerful. The so-called "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" would seem to have had a bond of union whose motto was "Praise we each other or die." Few poets have had the good fortune to command such friends on the press as Swinburne had in the days of his prime, and the fact that his later work did not meet with such reverent and careful attention as formerly is simply because most of those friends are dead, and the new school of critics have methods which are not so much of art as of trade. But there is one fatal flaw in the genius of Swinburne, which if all the most potent influences of culture and criticism in the world were to seek to explain away or pass over, would still unfortunately cloud his brilliancy and jar his exquisite music,—and that is his attempt to cover and justify the immoral and unclean and therefore diseased things of life. He himself wrote once that "the Lesbian music which spends itself on the record of fleshly fever and amorous malady has a value beyond price and beyond thought." This is rank nonsense. All the highest art is moral, and like an upward-climbing vine tends to the flower and foliage of goodness and beauty. As Tennyson nobly expresses it:—

> "Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
> That dote upon each other, friends to man,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never can be sundered without tears."

An inexorable Nemesis overtakes uncleanness in literature. And Poetry is an art which should elevate, ennoble and refine the mind of man,—when it tends to degrade the thing it touches, it has no right to exist. Mr. Watts-Dunton would perform a great and holy service to the memory of his dead friend if he would issue an edition of Swinburne's poems which should contain nothing but the best—and from which such a piece of mere drunken blasphemy as the lines "Before a Crucifix" should be omitted, and others of the same insane and hysterical tendency which should never have been published at all, and are, for the poet's sake best forgotten. No man perhaps passes through his life without certain experiences of mental delusion and sickness, but it is pitiful when his ravings during such periods are gravely handed over to the world as the reasonable expression of his natural feelings. No poet was ever the greater for standing as it were, on a small heap of earth-dust and mouthing at his Maker. We are told that Professor John Nichol was answerable as a "rationalist" for shaking and ultimately destroying Swinburne's faith in Christianity. If this be the case, Professor Nichol undertook a piece of sheer devil's work, though it is regrettable that the poet's faith was of so slight a nature as to be shaken at all. Man is a poor creature at best, but he becomes poorer than ever when he questions or denies the divine mission of Christ, his Divine Brother-Man. Reading the account of Swinburne's funeral one is thankful that despite warning, the minister at Bonchurch met the corpse of the great singer with the gentle words, "I am the Resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." They did the dead body no harm; they may have done the departed soul good. For as he himself expressed it:—

> "It is not much that a man may save
> On the sands of life, in the straits of time,
> Who swims in sight of the third great wave,
> That never a swimmer shall cross or climb;
> Some waif washed up with the strays and spars
> That ebb-tide shows to the shore and stars;
> Weed from the water, grass from a grave,
> A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme!"

It is not much indeed. The "third great wave" has whelmed the singer in its abyss and drawn him away from us, leaving on our shores "a broken blossom, a ruined rhyme"—but the sound of things eternal still rings in his music and chants the truth which he sometimes sought fruitlessly to deny,—that all wrong things are balanced right in due season, and that only the best and purest and highest part of a poet's singing is given to future generations of the world to keep. And of this best and purest and highest in Swinburne is his laudation of the sea. We shall hold that fast whatever else we let go, as something unique and matchless in our literature—as grand and haunting as the march in "Tannhäuser" or the Choral Symphony of Beethoven. There is no chance, we may thankfully note, that the "Lesbian school of poetry" will ever gain much hold on English readers,—for sense avenges sense, and the average man of good culture recoils from such verse as evinces either dotage or "delirium tremens." And in time to come, if his biographers are wisely reticent, and careful with the jewel-things of his wonderful muse, we shall think of Swinburne more universally as one of our greatest poets, who, though he never attempted to teach or to comfort his fellow-men, nevertheless gave to the English language a new and thrilling voice, and made it sing.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3, *and* 4 (*the subjects of these being the same each month*) *will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the three best (or worst) examples of obscurity of expression in English poetry; no passage to exceed more than ten lines in length.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to C. E. W. BRAYLEY, of St. Paul's College, Cheltenham, for the following:

MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING. BY C. E. LAWRENCE.

"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."
Much Ado about Nothing, Act V. Sc.i.

We also select for printing:

A VERY DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT. BY L. G. MOBERLY.

"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses."
BURNS, *On Nature.*

(Miss E. M. Gray, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.)

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS. BY MAJOR A. GRIFFITHS.

"Though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind."—*John Gilpin.*

(Mrs. Moss, Bletsoe Rectory, Bedford.)

THESE LITTLE ONES. BY E. NESBIT.

"Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin,
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they thought they were driving them in!"
HOOD, *A Parthian Glance.*

(Miss Dorothy Crofton, 32B, Willesden Lane, Kilburn, N.W.)

THE MEASURE OF OUR YOUTH. BY ALICE HERBERT. (John Lane.)

"My brother Jack was nine in May
And I was eight on New Year's Day."
HORACE AND JAMES SMITH, *Rejected Addresses.*

(F. J. Maynard, 42, West Street, Mile End, E.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the most amusing sentence, not exceeding forty words, constructed entirely from the titles of well-known books, is awarded to MISS MARION YUILL, of 147, Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

He knew he was right, for the sake of the family, to let that fast Miss Blount alone, in London; even if the woman he chose, for better for worse, wanted the one thing needful, ten thousand a year.

Titles of the Books.

He Knew he was Right.
For the Sake of the Family.
To Let.
That Fast Miss Blount.
Alone in London.
Even If.
The Woman he Chose.
For Better for Worse.
Wanted!
The One Thing Needful.
Ten Thousand a Year.

Quite a large number of competitors failed to observe the condition that the sentence must be constructed "entirely" from the titles of books. Two of the best among the many others are these:

Far from the madding crowd, Robert Elsmere wooed and won a fair barbarian. The beautiful wretch, in silk attire, three feathers, two little wooden shoes, held in bondage all sorts and conditions of men. Did she love him?

(Miss Watson, 2, Otterburn Villas South, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

Two years ago, far from the madding crowd, in the palace of the King, Robinson Crusoe, the egoist, wooed and married Trilby (the bride of Lammermoor), in spite of all the comments of Bagshot concerning Isabel Carnaby, the betrothed.

(Mrs. Charles Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

Good sentences have been received also from Miss M. G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), E. E. Woolby (Stowmarket), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Bertram J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Rosa E. Barnett (Bridgwater), Miss E. M. Castle (Huddersfield), Basil Procter (London, W.C.), and others.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to E. M. KEMPSON, 27, Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, for the following:

ARAMINTA. By J. G. SNAITH. (Smith, Elder.)

Araminta—known as "Goose," because she is "*rather* a sil-lay"—is something quite new in heroines. She; Jim, her artist lover; the aristocratic old aunt who adopts her; Lord Cheriton, the elderly buck—all are interesting apart from the thread of story which links them together; and all improve upon acquaintance. The humour of "Araminta" is irresistible, it catches hold of the fancy, and we end in liking the book better than we should have thought it possible to, judging from the opening chapters. "Araminta" is like a caricature at which we exclaim, "How silly!" and then, "How clever!"

Among the best of the numerous other reviews sent in are:

STARBRACE. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. (G. Bell & Sons.)

"Starbrace" is remarkable for vigour and vividness of description, alike of scenes and of action. The Kent and Sussex countryside is drawn with a loving hand, and Miss Kaye-Smith has realised the æsthetic side of hunting as, curiously enough, very few have done save Charles and Henry Kingsley; while there is a grim truthfulness in the picture of the highwayman's life. But the character of Miles Starbrace is the book's outstanding feature—a convincing, tragical study of a primitive, pathetically inarticulate type, lovable in spite of all its faults and follies, and delineated with sympathy and insight.

(C. Fox Smith, Holcombe, Boothroyden, Rhodes, Lancs.)

THE ROYAL END. By HENRY HARLAND. (Hutchinson & Co.)

Glad as we are to have this novel, we cannot but regret that the author did not live to publish it himself. As we have it now it resembles the outline of a picture, the artist's main idea roughly blocked in, some bits of background well worked up, a few figures nearly finished, all still wanting to be brought together into a complete whole. One figure, too, would probably have been erased: Jack Enderby is not only unnecessary and far too heavy for this graceful world, but so unnatural that his introduction has marred the end of the book.

(Mattie K. A. Nesbitt, 23, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.)

OH, CHRISTINA! By J. J. BELL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lovers of Wee MacGreegor will be delighted with Christina, his juvenile counterpart. Every page of the little volume abounds with humour. There are scenes in which Christina takes the leading role, which, if acted on the stage, would convulse the audience with mirth. The author has been particularly successful in writing from the little heroine's point of view, so that the climax comes with surprise both to the reader and the latter. The contrast between the shrewd worldly-wisdom of the town child and the rural aunt with her sense of propriety is cleverly defined.

(Miss Alice M. Page, Windy Holme, Sleights, S.O., Yorks.)

We also particularly commend the reviews by Doris Gill (Redcar), Noël T. Methley (Clifton), E. C. G. Kerr (Edinburgh), Miss E. J. M. Milner (Clapham Park, S.W.), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Cowrie, N.B.), Vivien Ford (Bristol), Marjory Charlton (Sittingbourne), C. Fox Smith (Rhodes, Lancs.), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), A. Rowberry Williams (Denbigh), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss F. S. Petrie (Scarborough), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), Mrs. Rose-Soley (London, S.W.), John Hood (Ayr), Winifred M. Lodge (Norwood), and E. P. Smith (Streatham, S.W.).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to M. R. RIDLEY, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.

New Books.

DAVIDSON'S LAST BOOK.*

On the only occasion when I met Mr. Davidson, a good many years ago, we were neighbours at luncheon: and there occurred between us a little imbroglio not uncommon in such circumstances, when one neighbour is a native of the southern part of this island and the other of the northern. So I said to him, "I'm afraid I have taken away your bread"; and he replied, "*I'm* afraid that's what a critic very often does to a poet, Mr. Saintsbury." It was said with a kind of demure *bonhomie* which would in any case have deprived it of the slightest offence; while as a matter of fact my withers (in the major case) were quite unwrung, and I think he knew it. For I had never "slated" him: and had indeed expressed the opinion, to which I hold, that he was one of the most promising of the "new poets" of that day. Very soon afterwards I practically gave up reviewing; and between the 1894 volume of "Plays" and this present, which appears with his own farewell, no poems of his have come under my critical notice.

Whether his *mot* was purely humorous, or whether it expressed an actual sense of bitterness towards critics in general, if not towards me, I cannot say; but it is observable that in the "Last Words" he does not complain of the critics who will not appreciate, but of the public which will only buy things he does not care to write. That the public had not far to go for its retort is obvious enough; but with that we have at present nothing to do. Yet there may perhaps be some interest in seeing "how it strikes a contemporary" who, to prepare himself for reading this present volume, has also read over again the fifteen years older one—five-and-twenty almost, if the original date of the oldest play be taken—and some others.

In that volume it was impossible not to notice (and it strikes one more vividly than ever, on re-reading) the curious resemblance to an older poet whose circumstances were not very dissimilar—Alexander Smith—and indeed to the "Spasmodics" generally. But though I do not know that there was anything so good as the "Barbara" song in "Horton," or the very best passages in the "Life Drama," there was less definite *pastiche*; and a sort of suggestion of "grip"—when the right thing should present itself—which was encouraging.

Now, *did* the right thing present itself? With the intervening volumes we have, again, no business here. It is, however, of some importance to notice that the extreme aggressiveness towards orthodox opinion with which Mr. Davidson was latterly charged (and indeed charged himself) only appears here in one piece, "Cain"—the others of kindred nature referred to in the preface-valediction having apparently not been written. They were probably no loss. Elsewhere, there is pessimism and nihilism enough; but it does not (the temperaments and vocabu

* "Fleet Street, and Other Poems." By John Davidson. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

laries of the two men being considered) go much beyond the attitude of the author of "The City of Dreadful Night." Indeed, Thomson seems to have succeeded the Spasmodics as Mr. Davidson's model not for "copying," but for following, as even the highest genius may follow. Nor is this the only evidence of that effect of the "printed book," which is becoming more and more difficult even for genius to escape or resist. There is a great deal of "Meredithese"—I do not say of actual Meredithian vocabulary—"tense susurrant speech," "clair-audient," "powers luniparous," etc. In fact, in parts we really seem to be getting back to the Limousin Scholar. There is abruptness and impressionism which strikes me as slightly Henleian: though Mr. Davidson, to do him justice, had struck out a line of his own before Mr. Henley's work began to produce many imitators.

I am not mentioning these things in the least disparagingly. Work such as mine has been for years past shows me more and more the truth of what I always held—that charges of "plagiarism," and "copying," and so forth are mostly nonsense, and rather ignoble nonsense too. But it also shows me that the servitude to the printed book of which I spoke just now is growing and growing: and that until we get some such distinctly novel combination of forces as has hardly been seen for the last forty years, it will continue to grow. It certainly will not be stopped by the frantic efforts to be original often made by the very men who are in reality most subject either to following, or to that mere recalcitrance and reversal which is only a clumsy kind of "following the other way."

Mr. Davidson was too strong simply to succumb to either of these forms of weakness; but, once more, *did* the real thing ever quite present itself? Let us go back again to "In a Music Hall" and "Ballads and Songs"—the former published three years before the collected plays, though of course mostly written after them; the second published in the same year with them. The matter is often much the same as in this last book before us; the manner is, I think, freer. The "Ballad in Blank Verse of the Making of a Poet," with its fellows, sums up the mainly "Spasmodic" period in sentiment, but gets much more individual in form and phraseology. "A Loafer," "To the Street Piano" (best of all), "Song of a Train," "Summer" announce the Thomsonian course, but keep their own note. One could hope for much—the hope being as usual not unmixed with fear—from the "Ballads and Songs."

Which has come truer, the hope or the fear, in "Fleet Street, and Other Poems"? The answer may be different according to different tastes; but it will seem, I think, to the dispassionate that there is less freedom and less disengagement, especially in form. "Fleet Street" itself, as an impression—a one-sided personal vision with more of the eye than the object in it—is good. If you have trodden your Fleet Street in (but for the personal *differentia*) the same kind of boots, you will recognise their echoes. And in the appended "Song" the grip establishes itself:

> "Tidal the traffic goes,
> Citywards out of the town:
> Townwards the evening ebb o'erflows
> This highway of old renown,
> When the fog-woven curtains close,
> And the urban night comes down,
>
> Where souls are spilt and intellects spent
> O'er news vociferant near and far,
> From Hesperus hard to the Orient,
> From dawn to the evening star."

I think a critic's soul would be justly spilt if he had ever done anything to take away the bread of a poet who wrote like that.

But in the main poem, and in "The Crystal Palace" which follows it, the malediction of blank verse asserts itself rather too strongly. Mr. Davidson was too much of a poet to indulge badly in the pseudo-original cacophony which some modern blank-verse writers affect. He takes his liberties temperately, and as a rule judiciously; there is no fault to find with his verse as verse, and sometimes it is excellent. But he did not so well escape the danger of the fluent jargon which (thanks partly to Mr. Browning) has replaced the old "tumid and gorgeous" temptation of the form; and which can be indulged just as well in couplet, as "London Bridge" shows. The stanza, with its inevitably lyric promptings, comes to the rescue in "Liverpool Street Station," which, taking all things together, I should call the finest poem in the book. The contrasted description of the forest—so simply, obviously, but admirably appropriate—gives him occasion to write like *this*:

> "A silence like the dead of night
> The ebon-pillared emerald walls
> Immured; a dusky latticed light
> Fulfilled the high-groined cloisters, halls,
> Occult recesses, wildwood stalls
> In glimmering chancel-aisles arrayed;
> And violet beams at intervals
> Illumed the forest-girdled glade
> Through rents and loopholes in the beechen shade."

That is poetry again, that is; there is not a word or a foot wrong.

The book is short—not one hundred and fifty pages widely printed. In "Snow" and "St. Michael's Mount," two lyrics of medium and short length respectively, as well as in "The Lutanist," he lets himself go poetically without troubling himself about such scarcely poetical questions as whether "the simplest man should consider himself too great to be called by any name," and the result is delightful.

> "St. Michael's Mount, the tidal isle,
> In May with daffodils and lilies
> Is kirtled gorgeously awhile
> As never another English hill is:
> About the precipices cling
> The rich renascence robes of Spring.
>
> "Her gold and silver, Nature's gifts,
> The prodigal with both hands showers:
> O not in patches, not in drifts,
> But round and round, a mount of flowers—
> Of lilies and of daffodils,
> The envy of all other hills.
>
> "And on the lofty summit looms
> The castle; none could build or plan it.
> The foursquare foliage springs and blooms—
> The piled elaborate flower of granite
> That not the sun can wither; no,
> Nor any tempest overthrow."

I wish, for reasons, he had written

> "The rich robes of renascent Spring,"

or

> "The rich renascent robes of Spring,"

which certainly would have been no worse verse; but that is a trifle. The piece is as fresh and refreshing as the daffodils and the lilies themselves—a gracious "vision of the guarded mount," if not a positively "great" one. If the public would not pay for things like that, then certainly it was, and is, "a great-sized monster of ingratitudes"—and of folly as well. But, once more, it might have its retort: and the problem is not so simple as the generous persons who rush to newspapers with projects of a general Prytaneum for poets would have us suppose. Yet the pity of it remains.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A FIRST NOVEL.*

There is a boyishness, a light-hearted gaiety and frank good-humour about Mr. Swinnerton's book which disarm criticism. The plot is of the thinnest, the dénouement

* "The Merry Heart." By Frank A. Swinnerton. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

wildly improbable, and the psychology, to say the least, elementary; but it is written in such a cheery vein that the author's merry, buoyant fashion of taking life is irresistible. There is something infectious about Mr. Swinnerton's gaiety: like his hero, he has "the merry heart." He is no professional "funny man" stolidly striving to wring an unwilling smile from a bored world, nor is he blind to the darker side, the harder facts of life. But he has contrived to take the life of the ordinary City clerk whose orbit is confined to his home, his office, and the bunshop where he lunches, and to invest this trivial, commonplace round with something of romance and the glamour of the high adventure which is so soon lost and so impossible to recapture. Mr. Swinnerton's characters are not brilliant; they never scintillate with laboured epigram; but they are good company, simple, happy people taking life as it comes, without grumbling or envy, and ready to extract the uttermost from their innocent amusements. Of course there is the necessary complement of villains, rather unsophisticated and not wholly convincing swindlers. But Mr. Swinnerton is at his best when he is describing the ordinary round of the London clerk, from the vagaries of the "boss" and his scapegrace sons to the love-affairs of the lady typists. The tea-shop scenes, too, are excellently done. They are so typical, so characteristic, without any tiresome photographic realism, and Mr. Swinnerton's fanciful delicate humour saves him from sinking into the commonplace or the sentimental. Tea-shop idylls in real life are apt to be prosaic, often a little absurd and occasionally merely vulgar; but in the episode of Kitty, the waitress at the Tarratonga tea-rooms, Mr. Swinnerton has succeeded in constructing a charming little romance without forcing his effect, except for one touch of melodrama which might have been omitted. The sketch of the hero's mother, who advocates the free expansion of every woman's personality while persistently suppressing her own daughter, is less successful. The writer was apparently going outside his own experience and attempting a task which demanded a more mature experience. But it is scarcely fair to expect Mr. Swinnerton to be old and young at the same time, and his boyishness is a quality rare enough to atone for any lack of experience in character-study. His dialogue is good, sometimes quaint and fanciful, and always with a pleasant literary flavour without any suspicion of being bookish. Altogether the book is capital reading, sound and wholesome, and for a first effort quite exceptionally promising. We shall look for Mr. Swinnerton's next book with real interest.

BEETHOVEN THE MAN.*

One of the essentials of tragedy is that the sufferer must be human. In another, and very important sense, the sufferer must also be superhuman. In a mean and petty life there may be unhappiness, but there will not be tragedy, for, however we may define the matter, our conception of a tragic figure implies such a capacity for suffering as will be possible only to those with an equal capacity for other noble emotions. Thus the intensity of suffering implied in tragedy is more than natural: it is supernatural; and the sufferers are more than human: they are superhuman. But though we demand this superhumanity from our tragic figures, we also demand humanity—humanity not of name but of nature; for the suffering heroes of grand opera and melodrama, called men, do not move us, because they are not human, while Milton's Satan, with substance called empyreal, grips tight at our hearts, because his griefs are mortal.

In these columns, not long since, I pointed out that Beethoven's troubled life has both these notes of tragedy—the note of humanity and the note of superhumanity. There is some danger, at present, of undue insistence on the latter. The mightiest musicians have never been appreciated both widely and deeply until recent times. A century of wonderful development in the art has been necessary before we could grasp the huge power and significance of a Bach or a Beethoven, and with appreciation has come a sort of deification. The placid career of Bach offers little material for gush; but the stormy life of Beethoven has been sentimentalised into a legend, illustrated by statues and pictures in transpontine attitudes, and plays in which the composer's death-agony is mitigated by the attentions of nine young persons with wings, alleged to represent the nine symphonies. The best corrective of such vulgar dehumanisations of a thoroughly human figure is the intimacy permitted by these letters. Read the volumes through, and you will forget the absurd adulation of the undiscerning vulgar, you will forget Philistine banalities of the kind that Nietzsche holds up to ridicule, you will remember only the man, suffering, enduring, conquering.

The effect of letters is cumulative, and cannot be represented in extracts. However, let us adduce some passages illustrative of the more intimate—the purely human—side of Beethoven's life. Observe the kind simplicity of the following, from a letter sent to a child of ten who had timidly written her praise of the master:

"My dear good Emilie, my dear Friend, I am sending a late answer to your letter; a mass of business, constant illness must be my excuse. . . . Do not snatch the laurel-wreaths from Handel, Haydn, Mozart; they are entitled to them; as yet I am not. . . . Continue; do not only practise art, but get at the very heart of it; for this it deserves, for only art and science raise men to the God-head. If, my dear Emilie, you at any time wish to know something, write without hesitation to me. The true artist is not proud, he unfortunately sees that art has no limits; he feels darkly how far he is from the goal; and though he may be admired by others, he is sad not to have reached that point to which his better genius only appears as a distant, guiding sun. . . . Look upon me as your friend, and as the friend of your family."

In that way to a child, and in this to a friend after a difference that has led to a quarrel; a portrait accompanied the letter:

"Let what for a time passed between us lie for ever hidden behind this picture. . . . The emotion which you must have noticed in me was sufficient punishment for it. It was not malice against you; no, for then I should be no longer worthy of your friendship. It was passion on your part and on mine. . . . Men came between us who are not worthy either of you or of me. My portrait has long been intended for you. You know well that it was intended for some one, and to whom better could I, with warmest feeling, give it, than to you, faithful, good, and noble Stephen. Forgive me if I did hurt your feelings; I was not less a sufferer myself through not having you near me during such a long period; then only did I really feel how dear to my heart you are and ever will be."

Let us turn to another side. The famous publishers, Breitkopf & Haertel, with whom Beethoven had d alings in the first decade of last century, possess many of his letters, which they now regard as priceless treasures. It does not appear that they specially appreciated the honour of this connection at the time. They declined, for instance, to publish some of his works on any terms—among the rejected being such masterpieces as the B♭ Trio and the Eroica Symphony—the latter being not only rejected, but crudely slated in the firm's musical journal. That Beethoven knew how to treat their slights with dignity can be seen in such a passage as this:

"The whole proceeding is far too humiliating for me to waste a word about it. If a fault has been incurred, it is that my brother made a mistake as regards the time of copying. The honorarium is far less than I generally take. Beethoven makes no boast, and despises everything that he has not exactly received through his art and merits—so send back all the manuscripts you have received from me, the song also included. I cannot and will not accept a smaller fee; only upon the agreement made with me can you keep the manuscripts."

Well might the tormented composer exclaim in a letter to another publisher:

* "Beethoven's Letters." A Critical Edition with Explanatory Notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer. Translated with Preface by J. S. Shedlock, B.A. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Dent.)

"There ought to be an artistic depot where the artist need only hand in his art-work in order to receive what he asks for. As things are, one must be half a business man."

"Give my respects to your wife: unfortunately, I have none!" he exclaims in one letter. From how much domestic misery could a good wife have freed the master! Persons who condemn their servants generally condemn themselves; and when Beethoven, in the midst of a wild attempt to grapple with the stupidities and vices of his domestics, appeals to some good, friendly housewife to come and extricate him, it is easy to see how trying mere mind must have been to the mere clay of servants. "Troglodyte, inhabitant of hell," he notes of a new girl on her arrival; and no doubt the ordinary domestic would never live down such an impression made in such a mind as Beethoven's. In one letter he grimly invites a friend in these terms:

"Come on Fridays or Sundays . . . when Satanas in the kitchen is at her best. . . . Friday is the only day on which the old witch (who would certainly have been burned four hundred years ago) cooks tolerably—for on this day the devil has no power over her."

Let us conclude our extracts with something more appropriate to the man. His unspeakable nephew Carl was being taught music by Czerny, to whom Beethoven addressed some of his friendliest notes. In one of them he writes thus:

"With regard to his playing, I beg you, if once he has got the right fingering, plays in good time, with the notes fairly correct, then only pull him up about the rendering; and when he is arrived at that stage, don't let him stop for the sake of small faults, but point them out to him when he has played the piece through. Although I have done little in the way of teaching I have always adopted this plan; it soon forms musicians, which, after all, is one of the first aims of art."

These two handsome volumes embody the completest collection of Beethoven's letters yet put forth. The publishers have done their part well. Print, paper, and binding are entirely suitable, and the value of the book is considerably enhanced by a splendid series of portraits and facsimiles. In certain other respects the volumes are less admirable. The original editor, Dr. Alfred Kalischer, deserves praise for his enormous industry and enthusiasm, but he is a very German editor in the heavy-handed, uninspired disposal of his material. His references to other labourers in the field are pedantic and ill-mannered. Heaven help us if we had had always to depend upon Kalischers for our knowledge of Beethoven! He attempts to settle the vexed question of the master's love-letters by mere bluster, but adds nothing to the matter. Many of his notes leave confusion worse confounded, while some go very wide of the mark. In translating the letters, Mr. Shedlock has had a terrible task, which he has accomplished with fair, but not complete, success. The trail of the timid translator is over all, as the reader may see in the extracts above, which represent the version at its best. Publisher and translator must settle between them the responsibility for the many misprints. If I dwell upon these defects it is because the occasion is important; for in this work English readers can at last come face to face with the real Beethoven.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

EMPIRE BUILDING.*

Other names may be more intimately associated with the two great movements which culminated in the establishment of the Dominion of Canada and of the Commonwealth of Australia, but there are few men either in Canada or Australia better qualified for the work which they have undertaken than Colonel Denison and Mr. Wise respectively. Both men are well known as staunch Imperialists, and both have had the satisfaction of seeing their struggles crowned with success. Of the two books, that by Mr. Wise is much the more ambitious in scope and affords the happiest augury for the "All Red" Series of which it is the first volume. In a modest preface Mr. Wise claims to "at least explain some of the special features of Australian policy, and the ideas, temper, and conduct of its people." His words are more than justified, and we must congratulate him upon a book which, whatever the political views of those who read it, must be acknowledged to be of inestimable value. How many false impressions about Australia, generally current in this country, Mr. Wise seeks to dispel, it would be hard to calculate. Let us take one striking example. No feature, probably, of Australian policy is more misunderstood here than that of the "White Australia" doctrine. The doctrine finds expression in many forms, notably in the desire to exclude coloured aliens. The unhappily entitled "Immigration Restriction Act," combined with one or two episodes such as that of the "Six Hatters" (which is here fully explained), gave rise to the mischievous notion that white immigrants would also be excluded wholesale from selfish motives. In the face of this belief it is at least remarkable to read Mr. Wise's assertion that "from the day of the passing of the Act until the present time (1908) no white person has ever been submitted to the language test, nor has any white person been refused admission to the Commonwealth." Although he has not gone so deeply into his subject as Mr. Bryce, Mr. Wise has given a general view of the Commonwealth which suggests a comparison with Mr. Bryce's classic on the United States. His chapters on "The Labour Party," "Back to the Land," and "The Fight for Union" are alike admirable, though, as might perhaps be expected from his own career as a politician in New South Wales, Mr. Wise is at his best in describing the "Industrial Life" of Australia and the systems of Wages Boards and Industrial Courts.

Colonel Denison, though primarily a soldier, has long played so active a part in Canadian politics as to make his book, too, valuable for the student who, shunning the more formal history, would read of the forces which led to the consolidation of the Dominion, and have maintained it intact in the face of opposing powers. He has a plentiful supply of hard words for his political opponents, such as Mr. Goldwin Smith, and it is quite obvious from his own accounts that he must have been regarded as the *enfant terrible* of his party, who could be relied upon to blurt out in a bluff, soldierly fashion what the professional politician in Parliament might no doubt be thinking but shrank from saying quite so bluntly. Not the least interesting portions of his book are those in which Colonel Denison refers to his relations with many prominent British statesmen, such as Lord Avebury, Lord Rosebery, the late Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain. His correspondence in the *Times*, for example, about the fiscal views of the late Lord Salisbury, which caused so much comment at the moment and drew a letter from Lord Robert Cecil, is here reprinted, and he has rescued from oblivion many of his own speeches which prove him to have been one of those bold political thinkers who dreamed of an Empire bound together by commercial ties long before the question was brought into prominence by the advocacy of Mr. Chamberlain.

* "The Commonwealth of Australia." By the Hon. B. R. Wise. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)—"The Struggle for Imperial Unity." By Colonel George T. Denison. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

JOSEPHINE BUTLER.*

"Josephine Butler was one of the great people of the world," writes Professor Stuart in his Introduction to this

* "Josephine E. Butler: An Autobiographical Memoir." Edited by George W. and Lucy A. Johnson. With Introduction by James Stuart, M.A. 6s. net. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Josephine E. Butler.

From "Josephine E. Butler." Edited by G. W. and Lucy A. Johnson. (Arrowsmith.)

story of her life, and he adds that "the inspiration of a mighty purpose enabled her to rise above" all that threatened her work. The source of that inspiration and the profoundly religious character of Josephine Butler are revealed in the autobiographical writings. Her public life, so remarkable for its courage and its great qualities of leadership, for her is kept sweet and wholesome by rare spiritual communion with God, and stands free of the personal vanity and "touchiness" found in many of our popular champions.

The faith that removes mountains is conspicuous throughout Mrs. Butler's campaigns, never more so perhaps than on the memorable day of the great prayer-meeting at Westminster Palace Hotel (February 28, 1883), when the Resolution for the Repeal of the C.D. Acts should have come before the House of Commons.

"Charles Parker told me next day that at that time several M.P.'s were walking about the Lobby, and that two young men, not long in Parliament, said to him, 'Have you heard, Parker, that the ladies were to hold a prayer-meeting to-night to pray for us? But I suppose it is given up, as this debate is to be postponed.' Mr. Parker, better informed, said, 'On the contrary, that is just what they are doing now, praying for us. It throws a great responsibility on *us*.' The young men, he said, looked very grave."

And no wonder. The pleasure-loving M.P.'s to whom men like Stansfield and C. H. Hopwood and James Stuart were "cranks" and "faddists," and Josephine Butler's company a "shrieking sisterhood," must have resented being prayed for as much as that honest tradesman Jerry Cruncher did.

It was at that prayer-meeting in Westminster Palace Hotel, while some women were singing hymns and others were weeping, that

"a venerable lady from America rose and said, 'Tears are good, prayers are better, but we should get on better still if behind every tear there was a vote at the ballot box.' Every soul in that room responded to that sentiment. I never saw a meeting more moved."

Josephine Butler was not of those who wept. "I felt ready to cry, but I did not; for I long ago rejected the old ideal of the 'division of labour,' that 'men must work and women must weep.'" Needless to say, she was an ardent Suffragist.

The last of the C.D. Acts was passed in 1869, and in 1870 Josephine Butler and her stalwarts were in the field rousing the country, and attacking the Liberal Government in power responsible for these measures. Herself a devoted Liberal, Mrs. Butler had no hesitation about the necessity of opposing Liberal candidates at Parliamentary by-elections during those years of Gladstone's first ministry, though at the Colchester by-election, November, 1870, this opposition was done at the risk of life and limb—so furious was a certain mob at the agitation for social purity. But the working classes stood steadily for the Repeal of the Acts, and there is a pleasant story told of the Colchester by-election.

"I was walking down a by-street one evening after we had held several meetings with wives of electors, when I met an immense workman trudging along to his home after work hours. By his side trotted his wife, a fragile woman, but with a fierce determination on her small thin face; and I heard her say, 'Now you know all about it: if you vote for that man Storks, Tom, I'll kill ye!'"

Mrs. Butler comments, "This incident did not represent exactly the kind of influence which we had entreated the working women to use with their husbands who had votes, but I confess it cheered me not a little."

The editors have pieced this memoir together mainly from "Recollections of George Butler" and "Personal Reminiscences of a Great Crusade," and the result is a straight-forward story of valiant effort in the cause of womanhood and social decency. An index, however, is always wanted in books of this sort.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

THE NOVELIST-HISTORIAN.*

We have long had with us the historical novelist, and now we are being introduced to a new class of work that is the product of a writer who may perhaps be called the novelist-historian. It is good that in all arts new forms of expression should from time to time be tried, but, even while it is right and fitting that talented young authors should strive after originality, it must be borne in mind that the latest is not necessarily the best. In the present case, the latest is very far from being even good. The historical novelist at least gives us fiction in the guise of history, and his lapses from the narrow paths of history into the broad walks of imagination are often forgiven for the sake of the story; but the novelist-historian gives us history in the guise of fiction, and his treatment of episodes of which the details are purely conjectural is so particular as to throw over the whole an air of unreality. Where we know so much of the book is the outcome merely of a vivid imagination, how can we assume that any part of it is true?—unless, indeed, we are well acquainted with the subject, in which case we are unlikely to peruse the class of work under consideration. As an example of this imaginary history, take the following passage, describing the last weeks spent by the Countess of Macclesfield hiding under an assumed name, while awaiting the birth of her son:

"Wearily and anxiously Madam Smith passes her days. Concealment sits heavily on one in whom the spirits of youth and health in other circumstances did more than duty for the beauty which is so often and so arbitrarily supposed to be their accompaniment. As if a temperament were not, for the honour and pride of youth, a more considerable possession than the complexion of a rose-leaf or the nice angle of chin and nose! But even a temperament is at times clouded. Madam Smith is indeed dejected, and cannot shine in her true colours. Occasionally the tall Captain puts in an appearance towards nightfall, scattering the clouds with the sun of that boisterous presence, more like a lover's than a husband's. But alas! (devil take the cursed necessity for so much circumspection!) his visits are made at rare intervals. How inexpressibly dull the periods of his absence! What a Christmas—without cake or candle-light, or the numerous company she loved! How ominous the near presence of Mrs. Leigh, so attentive, so unob-

* "Richard Savage: A Mystery in Biography." By Stanley V. Makower. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

trusive, so capable! As the days advance the landlady's steady eye betrays an increased vigilance, and she manifests a tendency to hover about her lady's person. Sarah Redhead moves silently, discreetly, from room to room. The heavy atmosphere of waiting, waiting, a sort of preternatural suspense, settles over the inmates of the house. Suddenly, one night, towards the middle of January, they are all astir. It is past midnight. There is much running hither and thither." . . .

It is not mere prejudice that makes most intelligent well-read men and women prefer their history plain. It may be well written, nay, it must have high literary qualities to take a permanent place—the dry-as-dust professors have small audiences—but the picturesque may be indulged in unduly. Mr. Makower not long ago made a virtuous and ill-treated heroine of fiction of "Perdita" Robinson, that pretty woman with no morals, the plaything of many men; and now he has taken, for treatment in the same picturesque fashion, Richard Savage the poet.

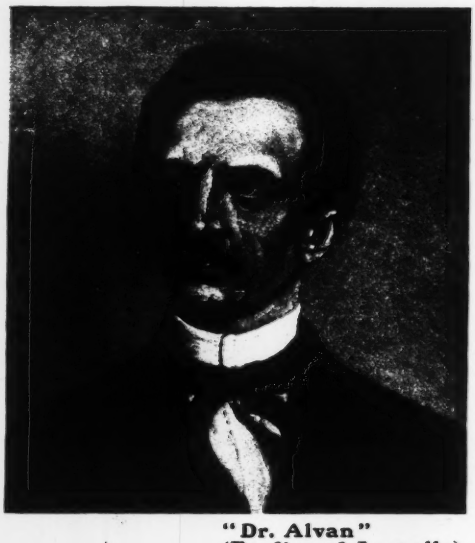
It was Lord Beaconsfield who said that if a man desired not to be regarded as a bore he must refrain from asking on which side of Whitehall Charles I. was beheaded and must never raise the question of the identity of the author of the "Letters of Junius": this sage counsel might have been supplemented by a warning against making inquiries as to the parentage of Savage. It is probable that Savage was of humble birth, but it is certain that he believed himself to be the natural son of Richard, fourth Earl Rivers, by Anne, wife of the second Earl of Macclesfield. Though his alleged parents denied him absolutely, he could never divest himself of the idea, which took possession of him, made him regard himself as the victim of a great injustice, and eventually drove him into evil courses. This belief in his wrongs, even though it may have been ill-founded, has been urged as an excuse for the wildness of his life, and as an excuse it is as good or better than most. Certain it is that he had bad blood in him, for he became as thorough-paced a blackguard as could be found in the dissolute, unmannerly set in which for the greater part of his life he moved. He had undoubted talent, but it was talent and not genius; his plays and poetry are not read to-day; and his name would be little more than a dim memory but for the extraordinary, impenetrable mystery that surrounds his birth. Withal, however, though he can claim no more sympathy than the charitable usually bestow upon the unfortunate, he is a picturesque figure, well worthy of a biographer who can capture something of the spirit of the age in which the unhappy man lived and died.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

A BOOK ABOUT MEREDITH.*

Just when even those who have taken no interest in Meredith are interested in him and wanting to know about him, comes Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism" to tell them all they want to know. The book could not have made a more timely appearance, but its timeliness is the least of its merits, and is, moreover, an accidental one, for, as he mentions in his preface, Mr. Hammerton has been working on it for some five years past; it was in the hands of the publisher shortly before Meredith died, and since his death has been revised again and brought up to date. Mr. Hammerton's aim in the book has been "to follow the career of a great figure in modern letters with some measure of critical detachment, that the result might be to disengage from the vast mass of contemporary criticism an even-tempered and well-considered estimate of the man and his work"—an aim that he has certainly and skilfully fulfilled. He presents "a survey of all that has been printed about George Meredith and his art," and makes no pretence at formal biography; nevertheless, his narrative of Meredith's life and friendships, the reception of his books and the slow

* "George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism." By J. A. Hammerton. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)



"Dr. Alvan" (Ferdinand Lassalle).

The unhappy love story of the famous Jewish leader of German Liberalism and Helena von Doënniges is the theme of "The Tragic Comedians," where Lassalle figures as "Dr. Alvan."

growth of his fame, is an admirable and useful substitute until the authoritative biography is forthcoming.

Although Mr. Hammerton has devoted himself largely to collecting and arranging the records, anecdotes, and criticisms of others, he links the whole together with a running commentary. He protests against the "fable" that Meredith had to endure long years of neglect, and says that, more than most authors, he "had intelligent and cordial appreciation from the beginning." Two of his early novels appeared serially in *Once a Week* and the *Fortnightly*, and, on the whole, "far too much has been made, parrot-wise, of the thoughtless story about the frosty reception his earlier works met with at the hands of critics and readers." In his chapter on "Some Early Appreciations" Mr. Hammerton justifies this conclusion so far as the critics are concerned, but the fact that nineteen and fourteen years elapsed before those and others of Meredith's novels arrived at second editions would seem to show that the story of his neglect was not altogether fabulous. Nor is such neglect inexplicable. "One of Meredith's characteristics," remarks Mr. Hammerton, "which accounts for the delight with which the literary man may read him while it bores the ordinary patron of the circulating library, is his evident delight in being 'literary.' He seems never to have mastered the art that conceals art"; and he illustrates the point with passages from "Sandra Belloni."

An exceedingly interesting chapter is that on "The Novels in Contemporary Criticism," and acutely summarising the many and varied opinions he quotes in it, Mr. Hammerton says:

"If one might now venture to give a general impression of the criticisms we have been discussing, that would shape itself broadly in these terms: The novels of Meredith, though lacking in construction, often crudely fashioned and at times tending to the melodramatic, are so rich in the variety, truth, and freshness of their characters that where they fail as stories they triumph abundantly as revelations of human life. That the art of the story-teller is at the command of the novelist, when he has chosen to curb his 'overmastering cleverness,' such a masterpiece of tragic drama as 'Rhoda Fleming' proves as completely as 'Sandra Belloni' illustrates his proneness to prolixity and the inconsequent. While there is no feature of our social life into which the novelist has not looked with seeing eyes and studied profoundly, his sympathies are ever with the intellectuals; he moves uneasily among the lowly and the humble where Dickens was at home. . . . An epic largeness of design is noted in most of his great novels without an equal largeness of achievement; but the mark being high and the aim likewise, the falling short still leaves the achievement immensely greater than the successful efforts of lesser and often more widely read contemporaries. Above all is the remarkable

allegiance to feminism, leaving the impression that in the novelist's own character there is a feminine strain, of which he is conscious and proudly so. . . . Finally, his long series of novels is unique in our literature, and with all their faults of construction and style these works contain such a harvest of philosophy and humour as no other novelist of the Victorian era has garnered."

After the painting of Franz von Lenbach.

Clothilde of "The Tragic Comedians."

Helena von Doënniges, who married the Prince Racowitza after he had encountered her lover Lassalle in a duel which ended fatally for the latter, and who afterwards became the Countess Shevitch.

Other chapters are on Meredith's personal and literary characteristics; on his home life, his poetry, his philosophy, his heroines, his treatment in parody and caricature, his place in literature, what his fellow-novelists thought of him, how he was regarded on the Continent, and concerning the illustrators of his poems and novels. The forty-seven illustrations to this volume include sketches, caricatures, and portraits of Meredith and his friends and the originals of certain of his characters, in addition to some two dozen of the illustrations of his novels and poems by Charles Keene, Du Maurier, "Phiz," Tenniel, Sandys, and Millais, reproduced from *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill*. Mr. Hammerton has done his work carefully, conscientiously, and with considerable literary ability; students of Meredith will find this book of his an indispensable compendium, and for the general reader it is as informing as it is full of interest.

A PAINTER TURNED PENMAN.*

"As a rule, I dislike modern memoirs. They are generally written by people who have either entirely lost their memories or have never done anything worth remembering." Of Mr. C. E. Hallé, Oscar Wilde's cynical saying is not true. Life may be short, but Mr. Hallé's memory is long, and he has done many things and met many people eminently worth remembering.

It is as a painter that Charles Hallé is known to the world, and, as a painter, one may say of him that he has obeyed the Aristotelian injunction to follow Zeuxis, who, as Sydney Dobell says in "Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion," "having promised to paint the Greeks a Helen, demanded to study from all the most beautiful women in Greece, and, choosing from each the beauty wherein she excelled, combined all their charms into a total perfection, more beautiful than any."

With Mr. Hallé as a painter this is, however, not the place to deal, for it is as a writer of Memoirs that he now comes before us. "Notes from a Painter's Life" is, I believe, a first book, but the hand and the eye of the artist are as evident in it as in his pictures. I do not mean to say that it is flawless in literary craftsmanship, for such a sentence as the following—apart from the recurrence of the word "which"—is not, structurally, admirable:

"It was under his [Richard Doyle's] guidance that I became imbued with that love for Italian Art which has remained with me, and which was the foundation of a close and lasting intimacy with my dear friend which was uninterrupted till his death."

* "Notes from a Painter's Life." By C. E. Hallé. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

On page 150 we have "different to" instead of "different from"; on page 174, "who" appears instead of "whom"; and on page 208 "whoever" instead of "whomever." But apart from these technical slips in proof-reading, the book, as a whole, is conceived and carried out with art. Instead of being rambling and disjointed, as happens in the case of so many Recollections, it has the "balance" and the "composition" of a picture. Instead of being garrulous and indiscreet, it is condensed, to the point, and written with restraint, and admirable reserve.

As an authentic and authoritative record of the origin of the Grosvenor Gallery and the New Gallery, and of the memorable exhibitions which were held there, the book is an enduring contribution to the history of English Art. Even briefly to outline the vicissitudes through which the two galleries passed, would occupy more space than I have at my dispcsal, and I must pass on to speak of the work as it appeals, not only to the art student, but to the general reader.

Mr. Hallé, it is easy to see, is something of a sportsman, and takes life's buffets in the true sporting spirit. Speaking of learning to box, he says: "It taught me above all things to take a blow without flinching or showing temper, and to hit back when the chance came." His book is written in the same spirit. He tells his story manfully and modestly. He does not make a grievance of his failures, even when undeserved; still less does he "gas" about his deserved success. There is no flourish of trumpets; no word of advertisement of himself or of his paintings; no parade of great names. The great names are there for the reason that the bearers of many of them were his friends and associates. They are part of the picture, and so fall naturally into their place. And what names they are!—Ruskin, Rossetti, G. F. Watts, Burne-Jones, Tennyson, Gladstone, Mazzini, Garibaldi, George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Berlioz, Gounod, Joachim, Tourguenieff, Swinburne, Millais, Tadema, Holman Hunt, Poynter, Whistler, Leighton, Irving, Thackeray, and Liszt—all these Mr. Hallé has known personally, and in many cases intimately. His stories of celebrities are new and striking. Your ordinary "good story" merely amuses for the moment, and is forgotten; Mr. Hallé's stories, while equally interesting or amusing, throw, for the most part, some illumination upon character, as, for instance, when the greatest living expert and authority upon enamel work was shown an enamel which Mr. Gladstone had pronounced to be the work of Pierre Raymond, whereas the expert instantly identified it as the work of another artist. "He says that! does he?" commented Gladstone. "I am sorry. I thought he was supposed to know something about these things!" Equally characteristic was Gladstone's "I think it is hellish!" when told of some graceful but admittedly insincere compliment paid by Beaconsfield to British Art in a speech at a Royal Academy dinner.

There is a new and delightful story about an artist in whose studio some invading soldiers found a gun. He explained that it was only there as a model, but his explanation was disbelieved, and, as an armed non-combatant, he was sentenced to be shot. As he was being taken out for that purpose, a friend of his who was present passed a handkerchief, wrapped around a pencil, down the barrel of the gun, and pointed out to the officer in command that the handkerchief came out covered with rust and dust, and so could not have been recently fired. Though other proofs of the artist's innocence had failed, this was evidence which appealed to a soldier, and the execution was countermanded. When the invaders had gone, the artist's friend asked him why he had not himself thought of this simple test. "Oh! the damned business bored me!" was the nonchalant reply. "And I'd rather any day be shot than bored!"

Mr. Hallé writes brilliantly of other things than Art, for his gamut is wide, and he strikes many notes. But the

one missing note is the note of hope. The book throughout is tinged with gentle melancholy, even with humorous pessimism. This will make against its success; and the same pessimism, for aught I know, may in the past have made against Mr. Hallé's success in other matters than the writing of a book. In Art, as in literature and in life, there is some distrust of the despondent man.

"Nowadays," says Mr. Hallé, "all thought in a picture is condemned. We are told that the literary idea is not wanted: the attitude towards us is very much that of a verger in Canterbury Cathedral who, perceiving a visitor on his knees, tapped him on the shoulder and said: 'Come, come, sir! We can't have you praying about all over the place!'"

In another passage Mr. Hallé seems to show himself as something of an Eastern and a fatalist.

"What are the conditions which cause the waves of creative genius to flow all over the world?" he asks. "Who can account for the mysterious spirit of music which, dormant for so many centuries, suddenly awoke in the eighteenth in the souls of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, and so many others? Why did Gothic Architecture in the thirteenth century attain to a perfection which has been the admiration of the world ever since—and then die?"

Apparently Mr. Hallé, as I have said, is something of a fatalist, and seems to believe that to achieve great things we must be born in great times. Elsewhere he says finely: "Michael Angelo's creations are mighty in bodily strength, mighty in intellectual power—they were the conquering race. Burne-Jones's men are the questioning race." There is insight and truth in the criticism, for great constructive work is seldom done in a questioning age. But, in saying this, Mr. Hallé seems to me unconsciously to be shutting out Burne-Jones from the high and enduring place in Art which, in another passage, he appears to claim for him; for though it is true that talent is moulded by the times in which it lives, is it not equally true that genius and greatness mould and compel the times to their will?

Enough has, I think, been said to show that "Notes from a Painter's Life" is as suggestive as it is interesting. The temptation to make a review readable by picking out all the good things I have sternly resisted, and have, indeed, done no more than adduce two or three nuggets as specimens of what may be found in the mine. There is, however, one other passage which I must quote. Ingres, the famous artist, said to Mr. Hallé once: "I would undertake to teach any one to draw or paint in a few months; but it takes a lifetime to learn to see." Commenting on this, Mr. Hallé says:

"How many thousands of people have seen a woman holding her babe in her arms? Raphael saw it, and what he saw was the 'Madonna della Sedia.' Ingres saw a girl holding a pitcher on her shoulder, and gave us 'La Source.'"

This seems to me to be said with the beauty, brevity, directness, and simplicity which we associate with real literary art; and I venture very heartily to congratulate Mr. Hallé on his first book, and as heartily to express the hope that it may not be his last.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

HAROLD BEGBIE'S NEW NOVEL.*

"Marriage is such a rabble rout
That those who are out would fain get in,
And those who are in would fain get out,"

sang Chaucer. Montaigne, coming to the same conclusion, wrote, "It may be compared to a cage: the birds without despaire to get in, and those within despaire to get out," and taking this for a motto on his title-page, Mr. Harold Begbie gives us in "The Cage" an impressive and poignant story justifying the hard restraints of matrimony, vindicating its sanctity, its duties and responsibilities. Anne is the daughter of a notable Edinburgh doctor; after his death, she marries a wealthy young man of business, largely because her mother untruthfully tells her it was her father's wish that she should do so. The marriage proves an unhappy one—for her. Her husband presently neglects her, and is living the sort of life that degrades her and makes her ashamed; and when she can bear with it no longer she leaves him, goes away with her whimsical, kindly, worldly-wise young-old grandmother, and lives in a pleasant little cottage on the skirts of an obscure river-side town. Here she is much discussed by her neighbours, and somewhat irritated by their reproofs and advice when the fact leaks out that she is separated from her husband; and here one day she is found by accident by the foster-brother who had been silently in love with her and should have married her.

This man, Hugh Napier, was adopted in his orphaned, desolate boyhood by the great Edinburgh doctor, and had been Anne's playmate. Money had been left to him, but there is a shadow on his birth, and when he reaches manhood and knows the truth about himself he feels that his benefactor would not care for such a husband for his daughter, and goes away to forget her. He travels about the world in his yacht, and lands at last near where she is living, without knowing she is there. He is a thoughtful man, profoundly in earnest, inspired with the stern, high philosophy of life that he had learned of his foster-father, and he is frank in telling Anne that she has acted wrongly.

"Marriage," he said presently, "has given woman her position of honour and respect. To preserve that position is essential. Like music, woman either exalts man or degrades him. Civilisation is the work of men, but it is in the hands of women. . . . I believe that discipline is more essential than gratification. . . . Isn't it possible to exaggerate the wretchedness and to attribute to marriage the misery which is really due to quite different causes? You spoke about people tied to each other in one house. In the words of Miss Potter, They did it themselves! That remark of hers can be developed. I don't believe that any difference can be irreconcilable between a man and a woman who have been married. They may make it so, but in fact it is not. It is inconceivable that any feud should be everlasting and hopeless between two people who have been man and wife. There must be somewhere, on one side or the other, the materials for a good understanding. Then the question follows, Is it better for them that they should fly asunder and follow their own inclinations wherever they lead, or that they set themselves to fulfil their vows, practise forbearance, seek points of agreement, and make the best of each other?"

She is equally firm in her opposite convictions, and declares that on no consideration will she ever return to her husband:

"There is nothing in the world that would make me submit to humiliation. I reject the religion, the law, the public opinion that says one human creature has the right to degrade another. I stand clear of all that. But even now the problem is only at a beginning. I refuse to go. I defend my freedom. The law, however, will have nothing to do with me. I shelter and defend myself outside the law. That is the woman's fate. The law, if it wish, can seek me out, drag me before the world, and punish me, for what?—my self-respect. Do you think that is quite fair? Do you think that the law should not be altered?"

Napier finds he is falling in love with her, and goes away; but returns; and in the end has come round to her point of view. But in the interval, certain powerful religious influences have been at work upon her, she has come gradually round to the nobly idealistic views that Napier has discarded, and an appeal from her husband, who has reformed and is penitent and living a decent life, seems to leave her no choice, though she loves him no longer. Napier reappears at the critical moment, and there is a strong, tense scene in which he passionately endeavours to dissuade her from following the course he had at first urged her to take. It is an absorbingly interesting problem-story, fashioned out of what is most earthy and what is most divine in human character, written with ripe literary ability, and worked out fearlessly to an ending that is certain to provoke both approval and disapproval.

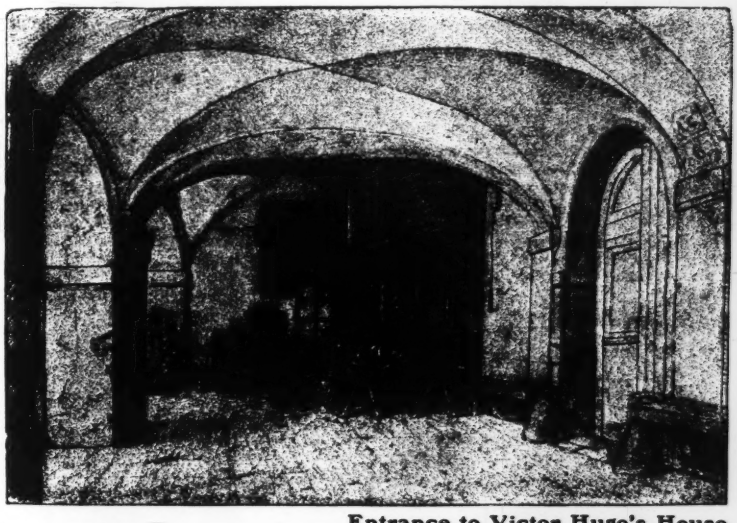
* "The Cage." By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

PARIS OLD AND NEW.*

The heading of this review of two of the most recent volumes upon Paris is in a measure indicative of their scope and aim.

Of the making of books dealing with the alluring city by the Seine there is indeed no end, but the two volumes under notice differ very materially. After careful reading by one who loves his Paris and knows it from the Invalides to the Quai de la Gare on the left bank, and from the Trocadero to the Bois de Vincennes on the right, and from Montmartre to Montrouge, it is quickly apparent that "Paris the Beautiful" is the work of a warm admirer and one gifted with some keenness of observation, whilst "Walks in Paris" is the work of a lover of the fascinating city who possesses a large amount of archæological and historical knowledge and a charming literary style. And there is running through these two volumes, bearing this in mind, just the subtle difference one would be led to expect.

Place aux dames! To deal with Miss Lilian Whiting's volume first. It is most tastefully got up and well illustrated with excellent reproductions in half-tone of various groups of statuary, "old masters," leading works by modern artists, and with some interesting views of Versailles and other places. We notice a slip regarding "colour photography" which should be corrected in any future edition or re-issue. Miss Whiting says: "By means of this (the autochrome plate) the beauty of landscapes and portraits and genre scenes can be photographed on glass, and can also be produced upon paper." This statement is, of course, incorrect in the sense in which the writer implies.



Entrance to Victor Hugo's House in the Place des Vosges.

From "Walks in Paris," by Georges Cain. (Methuen.)

The pages dealing with the life and work of Victor Hugo in the second chapter, entitled "The Champs Elysées Region," are interesting and informative. And there are many good stories and anecdotes of Parisian celebrities scattered through the volume, which is likely to be welcome to the general reader, and to prove of service as "a guide, philosopher, and friend" to those who know Paris but indifferently well. The extracts from the works of great writers relating to the places and events referred to in the volume are mostly well chosen.

"Walks in Paris" is by M. Georges Cain, one of the leading authorities of the Carnavalet Museum, whose mind is well stored with archæological and historical knowledge concerning the Paris he evidently loves so well. And to these qualifications he adds a charming and graceful literary style and a vivid imagination. Throughout the volume are scattered delightful pen "cameos" dealing with Notre Dame; the Bastille; the historic Place de la Concorde, which has changed its name several times and seen more of the tragedy and comedy of life than possibly any other part of Paris save the Palais de Justice; the less inspiring quarter of the Halles, and many other corners and crannies of old and new Paris, The book is particularly well proportioned, and few events, celebrities, and peculiarities of the different quarters dealt with escape M. Cain's retentive memory and artistic eye for literary effect. His work carries with it not only the weight of much knowledge and study, but also of loving interpretation of the charms of the highways and byways of Paris.

In this volume one not only becomes the better acquainted with the buildings known to most who have visited Paris, but with many other "storied" places and monuments unknown to the average tourist, also with the alas! too quickly vanishing Paris of the past, and with the romance and history which attach so richly to many of the places the author describes. With him as guide, little that is material of the beautiful capital need be missed by those who have the time at their disposal to wander in a leisurely manner along its highways and byways. Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand are among the celebrated people who figure in the chapter devoted to the Abbaye-aux-Bois; and the description of Balzac and his life in that upon the Rue Visconti have touches of extraordinary intimacy.

One of the most fascinating chapters is that entitled "At the Palais de Justice," and here is a vivid sketch of a scene at the Conciergerie during the days of the Revolution:

> "Then, at half-past nine in the morning," writes M. Georges Cain, "the hour of the opening of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the top of the wall overlooking this sunk courtyard would be lined by a howling, vociferating crowd of men and women—more women than men—who came, as to a play, to take station on the steps of the Great Stairway of the *Palais*, which afforded so convenient a coign of vantage for viewing the drama that was daily enacted at the Prison gate.
>
> "Bursts of fierce laughter and shouts of delight greeted the appearance of the *fiacres* conveying the prisoners to be locked up, while the 'watch-dogs of the guillotine' and 'tricoteuses' from the Revolutionary Clubs gazed hungrily at the unhappy wretches as they drove up escorted by police officers, pikemen seated by the coachman's side, representatives of Committees, underlings of Fouquier-Tinville. On the other hand the throng loudly acclaimed jurymen who 'voted straight,' 'file-firers,' men like Trinchard, Villate, the *ci-devant* Marquis d'Antonnelle, or the Antoine Rouissillon who used to subscribe himself without more ado as 'Rouissillon, purveyor to the guillotine.'"

A notable chapter, too, is that upon "Notre Dame and Neighbourhood." In it one realises not only the beauty of the building, the historical and architectural glamour which surrounds it, but the pulsations of the hearts of those who have played a part in its history. It is not without some sorrow that M. Cain dilates upon the delightful little Parvis which vanished in the late 'sixties. And he is very severe in his condemnation of the modern Hôtel-Dieu which stands along one side of the bleak Place which has succeeded the old-time quaint and tiny Parvis.

In the chapter devoted to the "Depot of the Prefecture de Police" there is an admirable condensed description of the scene of the trial of Marie Antoinette, which remains in the memory long after the pages are turned.

To the true lovers of vanished, and alas! vanishing, Paris, to the wanderers in byways of historical lore and gossip, the volume will be sure of a warm welcome, which the admirable illustrations reproduced from old and modern sources will serve to enhance. The plans showing by

* "Paris the Beautiful." By Lilian Whiting. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Walks in Paris." By Georges Cain. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. (Methuen & Co.)

means of drawings on superimposed sheets of tissue paper the alterations which have taken place in some of the older quarters are of especial interest.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

ADVENTURES IN LONDON.*

In his fellow-journalists Mr. James Douglas must always inspire no little wonder and envy, if only because he seems to have the secret of perpetual vivacity. Not even this heart-breaking London of ours, so cruel in its immensity and in its apathy, can crush his spirits. From its baffling variety, its startling contrasts, its curious ironies, he emerges soaked with sensations and eager for more and more experience. Turn to his just-published book of "Adventures in London," and you will find him ranging East and West, North and South of our conglomeration of cities, and never tiring of watching its pageants or recording his impressions. He is quite impartial in his selection of locality or subject, and will as readily walk down Petticoat Lane as sit in the Park, as willingly look in at the Old Bailey or the police courts as spend a day at Lord's or up the river, as contentedly mix with a Bank Holiday crowd on Hampstead Heath or at the Exhibition as dine in luxury at the Carlton or listen to Tetrazzini at the Opera. But wherever he goes he shows himself alert, observant, absorbed. Obviously London in all its phases interests him, and therefore he is not to be taken too seriously when he talks of it as a sea made out of human tears, or as a thing "too formlessly huge to love or to be loved." At any rate, it is a place in which Mr. Douglas finds it possible to be very cheerful and to write cheerfully. This is not to say that he has a deaf ear to the appeal of distress, a blind eye to the squalor and misery and hideous suffering that prevail in too much of London—no one who knows anything of Mr. Douglas can be unaware how strong are his democratic sentiments. But he recognises that with all the sorrow and unhappiness there is an abundance also of humour and material for humour in London. And so while a fair share of his adventures are devoted to "Our Lady Poverty" and her gloomy courts, he does not think it necessary to drag in some allusion to social inequalities whenever he is speaking of the brighter and gayer aspects of the town. London, indeed, is only to be grasped in fragments, only to be studied piecemeal. To attempt a general sketch is to miss all the most piquant details. It is no use, for instance, attempting to describe the pleasures of either rich or poor without catching the spirit of the persons under observation and entering into their mood. And Mr. Douglas has this faculty of lively sympathy. Whether he is picturing the gaiety of a Covent Garden Ball or watching lazily some ballet at the Alhambra, whether he is giving us his recollections of an exciting Derby or of a stern fight at the National Sporting Club, whether he is telling us of the joys of dining out, or of the restfulness of lounging in a punt on the reaches of the Thames, the scene of the moment, the feeling of the moment, has his whole attention. He has got the knack of seeing one thing at a time. Of course it requires a man to be something of a poet, to have a responsiveness to romance in his blood, thus to seize the tone and get the colour of his surroundings. Mr. Douglas belongs to that happy type which meets adventures at every corner, and can put into words the thrill of the successful explorer. No wonder then that London has revealed to him some of its charms. One has to be quick to keep up with the city's kaleidoscopic changes of feature, and it is just such sparkling and sprightly impressionism as Mr. Douglas's which so well expresses this variability.

Of set purpose "J. D." heightens his effects by extravagances of speech and thought. These essays of his, indeed, might be termed without unfairness studies in the art of exaggeration. Catering for a public that demands highly seasoned food and strong drink in journalism, he cannot afford to deal in moderation. The most casual impressions must have an air of finality about them; from no spectacle or personality that he contemplates can he come away without forming definite conclusions. The method suits his temperament as well as his readers. His is a challenging, provocative mind which loves to startle, which delights in extremes. He is a born phrase-maker, he has a natural affinity for paradox. It is almost impossible for him now to write a line which does not contain an epigram, and he does not scruple from caricature to ram home a point in criticism. The curious thing about this habit of over-accentuation is that it nearly always justifies itself, that it calls up before the reader just the picture the writer would have him see. Let us listen, for instance, to Mr. Douglas's account of a visit he pays to the Alhambra:

"We go through the alcoved corridors, past the tall janissaries, into the promenade. It is a seraglio, where man is a sultan and woman a houri. It is aglow with dim lamps, soft with the susurrus of silk, languorous with subtle perfumes. Miles away below us the ballet languishes in its golden frame. We are in Lotus-land. The world dissolves in a swoon of delight. In a trance we descend the stairs and sink into a luxurious stall made for the post-prandial Nirvana that muffles the soul. . . . The vast theatre is tapestried with faces. The air is aromatic with the fragrance of innumerable cigars. It is a temple of fumes. . . . Even the ballet is a ballet of tobacco, 'My Lady Nicotine.' It is a fragile fantasy of melting curves and woven hues and iridescent cadences, sound and movement and colour kaleidoscoping into a mist of painting and music, sculpture and poetry, that shadows forth the vague, irregular rhythm of visionary life. The eye is sated with silent colour, and the ear with coloured sound. The dancers are syllables in visible song, vowels in a breathing lyric, rhymes in a laughing villanelle. They are the gestures of an artificial femininity. The civilised woman is always artificial, but here her artificiality is multiplied. A woman is natural only when she is alone. She wears the armour of artifice in public, and the aim of the ballet is to generalise her artificiality. It submerges her in a long undulation of fluent femininity. As you gaze at the ballet you see life responding to your ideas. Your everyday self fades into a paradise of ethereal rapture where the moments fall like rose-leaves into the lap of time."

Those short, disconnected, staccato sentences, behind some of which you can almost hear the click of the Kodak, produce their effect. Even the over-ornateness of the epithets has its value. Gradually the whole atmosphere of the theatre is re-created. And there are times when Mr. Douglas's trick of exaggeration can deceive nobody, and is really helpful and illuminating. Especially is this the case in that section of his book which contains appreciations of famous players of the day. The cleverest and most amusing paper of all is that devoted to Mr. Martin Harvey, who, we are told, affords the luxury of grief to those who wish to escape in the theatre from the monotonous gaiety of life. This is how he appears to Mr. Douglas:

"He is a purveyor of woe for the woeless, of tears for the tearless, of sighs for the sighless, of moans for the moanless. He has saved multitudes from the doom of dying without having shed a tear. He relieves our minds from the pressure of pleasure. He takes us into a world where happiness is not compulsory and where misery is not an idle dream. . . . His sable locks and his sable eyes match his sable voice. . . . I do not wish to exaggerate the importance of Martin Harvey's hair. But I am as sure that he could not act without his hair as I am sure that his hair could not act without him. The hair is the man. The state of his hair betrays the state of his soul just as the barometer betrays the state of the weather. . . . It feels every breath of the stormy emotions that blow across his brow. But the hair of Martin Harvey is not his only virtue. His eyes are even more soulful. . . . They are Cimmerian pools of gloom. When you see these raven orbs gazing into the depths of eternity, you know that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. You feel that you can face once more the levity of life and the frivolity of work. . . . The mortuary grace of Martin Harvey is based on whiteness as well as blackness. His black hair and his black eyes are the antithesis of his white face. He is all black and white, like a mourning envelope."

The humour and the wit of that passage do not need emphasising. It must not be supposed, however, as it

* "Adventures in London." By James Douglas. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

might be from these quotations, that the author allows more than their fair share of space to the playhouse and the mummer in his survey of London. To everything that is representative of London, from its cabmen to its pampered public-school boys, from its politics to its sports, from its slums to its fog, Mr. Douglas is prepared to devote his pen, so long as while describing it he may indulge in some slight extravagance of fancy or frivolity; and never once, throughout four hundred pages, does he give the idea of satiety or boredom.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE CASE FOR HISTORY.*

According to Mr. Allen the educational value of history is that it assists in laying the foundations of sound thinking. As is to be expected from a professor of history, he leans towards the severely scientific view of the nature of the subject of his chair. In some passages his insistence on causation as the only thing that matters in history rather chills the ordinary reader and does not greatly encourage the enthusiastic school-teacher. It is not that the author takes a humble view of the scope and importance of history. "Actually, of course," he tells us, "the study of languages and literatures is a specialised branch of history." And again: "It might be said that we want the poet and the prophet to supplement the work of the scientific historian." What hurts is his attitude of aloofness to what seems to the plain man matter of great moment. After giving a distinctly brilliant illustration of the possibility of presenting the same historical facts in such a way as to bring out three totally different and irreconcilable conclusions, he goes on to say: "Which of these three ways, for instance, of looking at the facts of the Reformation is the right one? We may say at once that we do not know, and that, as historians, we do not care." This is depressing, but Mr. Allen does not keep up his aloofness all the time. In Chapter X. he reads into his subject a great many of the human qualities that he is elsewhere at some pains to exclude. The scientific historian's only interest may be in the chain of causation; still, we are told that "He must read human nature into every legal technicality," and that "History of any kind deals essentially with human life." A reconciliation of the scientific and the human view is suggested in the sentence: "History keeps us in the human world, and yet takes us altogether away from our circumstantial surroundings."

It will be noted that the subject of the book is not the teaching of history—though the author does not quite neglect this aspect, as is shown in his suggestive chapter on "The Introduction to Historical Study"—but its place in education. This probably accounts for the omission of any reference to the writers who have already treated the subject from the teacher's point of view. Indeed, this book should gladden the heart of Dr. Emil Reich—it does not contain a single footnote. On the other hand, in dealing with the purely educational aspects, and particularly where moral training is under discussion in Chapter XI., it is a little surprising to find that the much-debated dogma of Formal Training is taken for granted without being even mentioned. The distinction is drawn by Mr. Allen between education from the private and personal point of view and education from the point of view of society or of the race. The distinction is one of the commonplaces of text-books on education, but it acquires a new interest since the first kind of education is now labelled "technical." Our author admits that this is "giving an extension to the term technical education as it is ordinarily used. But it appears to be quite a logical extension." One need not quarrel with this new application, especially as Mr. Allen by its means differentiates between what he considers the good and the bad teaching of history. The technical kind is bad. It is the other kind that counts. In working out this thesis, Mr. Allen has many opportunities of making capital use of his special knowledge and technical skill. His illustrations are particularly apt. They not merely interest, they illustrate.

JOHN ADAMS.

* "The Place of History in Education." By J. W. Allen. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.*

In this pleasant volume of reminiscences, dealing with the early days of a romantic and adventurous life, Mr. Grierson confirms and deepens the impression produced by his two little books of essays, "Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament," published some years ago. The essays revealed him as a critic of rare discernment, with a gift of graceful and delicate literary craftsmanship. In "The Valley of Shadows" he paints on a larger canvas, but interspersed with vivid pictures of life on the Illinois prairies in the 'fifties we have the subtle touch shown in the essays applied to nature-drawing and character sketches. He is a master of the haunting phrase, and his descriptions of the prairie with its waving flowers and wistful distances, the log cabin and the meeting-house, linger in the memory. Withal he handles the vernacular with the deftness of experience, and we get literally speaking likenesses of Zack Caverly (nicknamed Socrates), Silas Jordan, Minerva Wagner, Serena Busby, and other characters of the place and period.

The narrative opens with a description of a service at the meeting-house. It is a time of signs and portents. The mysterious forces that work behind men and things are about to culminate in the terrific cataclysm of the Civil War. Night after night sets swinging in the prairie skies a comet (Donati's great comet) which the simple pious folk regard as an omen of the end of all things. But the abolitionist preacher, penetrated with the political unrest of the period, has been "wrastlin' fer a tex' fittin' this here time en meetin'," and, says he, "I hev found it, Hallelujer!" He has discovered an oracle in Isaiah xix. 20. "En it shell be *fer* a sign en *fer* a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the Land of Egypt, fer they shell cry unto the Lord bekase of the oppressors en he *shell* send them a saviour en a *great* one, and he shell deliver them." Nothing could be plainer. Abraham Lincoln has been divinely appointed to deliver the land from the curse of slavery.

We pass to a graphic sketch of Elihu Gest, the Load-Bearer, whose gentle mission it is to take on himself the burdens of others. He is a spiritual Mark Tapley. "When I set with some folks what's in a heap o' trouble I go away ez happy as kin be, but if I hev to go away without ary a load I feel mos' empty." But he is not an indiscriminate burden-bearer. "Them thet's skeered air folks without faith. I ain't got no call fer te take the loads from folks what's skeered. Summow I kain't carry 'em."

The log house is a vision of beauty when the morning glories that mantle it are in bloom. "The flowers looked out on sky and plain with meek, mauve-tinted eyes, after having absorbed all the amaranth of a cloudness night, the aureole of early morning, and a something, I know not what, that belongs to dreams and distance wafted on waves of colour from far-away places." Within the house Socrates, the prairie philosopher, favours the family with the home-spun wisdom of a child of Nature: "Some folks air too good fer this world 'thout bein' plumb ready fer the nex'. Accordin' te thar reasonin' a prairie chicken settin' on the fence air better 'n two birds o' Paradise over yander. The world air a sorrowin' vale kase folks hez too many stakes in the groun'. Ez fer me, I kin shoot an' trap all I ken eat, jest plantin' 'nough corn fer hoe cakes en a leetle fodder. . . ."

As we pass on the action grows brisker, and the episode

* "The Valley of Shadows." By Francis Grierson. 6s. net. (Constable.)

of the fugitive slaves, helped to freedom by the Load-Bearer and other devoted men and women, is told with dramatic power. All the passages, indeed, that relate to exciting incident are written in a way that stirs the pulse. But the realism is that of an actual transcript from life. Mr. Grierson re-creates his scenes from memory and re-animates them with consummate art. The past of a picturesque time and people lives again for us in the camp meeting, the pioneer of the Sangamon County, the planter's house, the torchlight procession, and the dance of death. We linger over the word-pictures of the Mississippi, which seems curiously unlike the river we have seen through the eyes of Mark Twain. It is another Mississippi, and yet the same.

The chapter on Abraham Lincoln is a valuable contribution to history. It is worth volumes by writers who never met that great soul in the flesh. It was Lincoln's sense of humour that carried him through the terrific stress of the war. His humour "was the balance pole of his genius that enabled him to cross the most giddy heights without losing his head." The book closes with a spirited account of the taking of Vicksburg.

DAVID GOW.

ONE SIDE OF A QUESTION.*

The Royal Commission appointed in 1906 to inquire into experiments on animals in this country has already had nearly eighteen months in which to prepare its final Report. This long delay is greatly to be regretted. Meanwhile, the Research Defence Society, founded last year, has published its first volume of essays, dealing with the administration of the Act, the character and the extent of the experiments made at the present time in Great Britain and Ireland, and the practical results that have been obtained, by the help of experiments on animals, in the prevention or treatment of diseases.

The book gives us Lord Cromer's Presidential address at the Society's Inaugural Meeting last June, and eleven essays or reprints selected by the Committee of the Society. Of course, the appeal is to facts. But the book includes, for the full study of the ethical argument, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton's long and thoughtful evidence before the Royal Commission (pp. 51-131). It would be hard to find a more clear and sensible essay. Next in the development of the purpose of the book come four short essays, saying what experiments were actually made on animals, during 1907, in Great Britain and Ireland; what are the methods and the safeguards used in the administration of the Act; what anæsthetics are given, and how they are given; and why it is necessary for certain experiments that dogs should be used. This last essay, by Dr. Starling, Professor of Physiology at University College, is one of the most valuable in the volume. He explains very carefully the exact nature of these experiments, and the strict conditions under which they are made.

"I do not think," he says, "that the absolutely painless character of the vast majority of physiological experiments is sufficiently appreciated. Records of classical experiments, performed before anæsthetics were invented or had come into general use in laboratories, are too apt to be taken as typical of those of the present day, when the use of anæsthetics is invariable in all experiments more extensive than a simple inoculation. Though I have been engaged in the experimental pursuit of physiology for the last seventeen years, I can say that on no occasion have I ever seen pain inflicted on a dog or cat in a physiological laboratory in this country, and my testimony would be borne out by any one engaged in experimental work in this country."

After these prefatory essays, we have six essays or reprints concerned with results obtained, by the help of experiments on animals, in the prevention or treatment of diseases. Dr. Cushny, Professor of Pharmacology at University College, writes on the experimental study of the action of drugs.

"I have no desire," he says, "to minimise the importance of other methods of investigation; but when one contrasts the number of valuable drugs introduced into therapeutics without the aid of experiments on animals, one finds it disappointingly meagre. In the last forty years, during which the experimental method has been so fruitful in valuable remedies, the only drug of even mediocre importance introduced by other methods is pilocarpine.'

And he calls attention to the fact that experiments on animals are necessary, not only for the discovery, but for the proper standardising of drugs, *e.g.* ergot, digitalis, and cannabis indica. Dr. Courtauld contributes a good little essay on the value of antitoxin in the treatment of diphtheria; then come two very short essays of the utmost interest, Sir David Bruce's account of the extinction of Malta fever from our garrison by the tracing of the infection to the goat's milk, and Dr. Robb's account of the admirable results obtained, by the help of experiments on animals, in the treatment of epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis, that frightful disease to which a former generation of doctors gave the trivial name "spotted fever." Then we have a reprint of Professor Osler's evidence before the Royal Commission on yellow fever and malaria; and a reprint of a recent article in *Nature* by Dr. Bashford, Director of Imperial Cancer Research, on recent advance in knowledge of cancer.

It is certain that we have here a thoroughly honest book, written by men of experience. They have, and use, the right to speak with authority. The book is quietly written, and the Committee of Publication has kindly excluded all purely controversial matter. The long list of the Society's Vice-Presidents, at the beginning of the book, shows that the Research Defence Society is not run only by men of science and doctors, but may truly be called a national movement for telling the truth, from the side of science, and with honourable regard to facts, on a very difficult matter which is of immediate concern to the whole world.

* "Publications of the Research Defence Society." 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

A NEW POET.*

No one who has any feeling for what is poetry can read through "Personæ" without realising that Mr. Ezra Pound has the root of the matter in him. Faults his book has in plenty, but they are all the faults of youth, faults of an eager, adventurous spirit who will not keep tamely to the beaten track, and seeking ways of his own, must needs go often astray before he finds them. He disdains the fetters of regular rhyme; his metrical harmonies are frequently unfamiliar, and at times seem crude and harsh, perhaps because our ears are unused to them; he conjures largely with assonance and alliteration. Again and again his verse strikes you as too artificial, too tricky; the frequent use of old words and eccentricities of phrasing give it an air of affectation; yet again and again, also, you come upon some lyric that is beautifully simple in form and utterance, that orbs itself easily and naturally, as thus, with "In Tempore Senectutis":

"For we are old
And the earth passion dieth;
We have watched him die a thousand times,
When he wanes an old wind crieth,
For we are old
And passion hath died for us a thousand times
But we grew never weary. . . .

"The moth-hour of our day is upon us
Holding the dawn;
There is strange Night-Wonder in our eyes
Because the Moth-Hour leadeth the dawn
As a maiden, holding her fingers,
The rosy, slender fingers of the dawn."

* "Personæ of Ezra Pound." 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.

Or turn to "In Durance" and you have Mr. Pound almost at his best and almost at his worst:

"I am homesick after mine own kind,
Oh I know that there are folk about me, friendly faces,
But I am homesick after mine own kind. . . .

Aye, I am wistful for my kin of the spirit
And have none about me save in the shadows
When come *they*, surging of power, 'DÆMON,'
'Quasi KALOUN' S.T. says, Beauty is most that a 'calling to the soul.'
Well then, so call they; the swirlers out of the mist of my soul,
They that come mewards bearing old magic. . . .

"And yet my soul sings 'Up!' and we are one,
Yea thou, and Thou, and THOU, and all my kin
To whom my breast and arms are ever warm,
For that I love ye as the wind the trees
That holds their blossoms and their leaves in cure
And calls the utmost singing from the boughs
That 'thout him, save the aspen, were as dumb
Still shade, and bade no whisper speak the birds of how
'Beyond, beyond, beyond there lies.' . . ."

No eccentricities go to the making of great poetry; when Browning rose to his highest he was neither eccentric nor obscure. There is real imaginative power and a breath of originality about such things as "An Idyl for Glaucus," the "Ballad for Gloom," "And Thus in Nineveh," "Praise of Ysolt," and certain other of his poems, which give you confidence that Mr. Pound will outgrow the influence of Browning's perversities and conquer his own; in the meantime, "Personæ" is a profoundly interesting achievement; no new book of poems for years past has had such a freshness of inspiration, such a strongly individual note, or been more alive with undoubtable promise.

A LITERARY HISTORY.*

Setting himself to compass within the span of a single volume a survey of English literature from 1784 to the present day, Mr. Laurie Magnus has fulfilled his intention concisely, but with a sufficient fulness, and with a broad sanity of judgment. He passes in review the glorious pageantry of great names and great work that have made the nineteenth century notable, traces the beginnings of that revolt against the town-bred artificialities of Pope's day, the return to nature and natural thoughts and emotions and simplicity in expressing them that, with the advent of Wordsworth and Coleridge, brought romance and the realities of life back into literature, and decided the form and character of the poetry and prose of the whole Victorian era. Casting about for a new formula by which to connote the literature of the nineteenth century in England, Mr. Magnus says "we have learned to recognise the notes of the Renaissance, the Age of Discovery, Puritanism, the Age of Reason and the Romantic Revolt. . . . The formula of literature is identical with the tendency of the age, and the soul of the nineteenth century is revealed through the vision of its writers. Two moments especially stand out pre-eminently in retrospect. The first is the French Revolution, and the second is the Darwinian hypothesis. They are connected by threads so fine as almost to escape detection save when sublimated by art. The seers and interpreters render them in their unity, not in their differences, and, reviewed in that light, they are parts of a single whole, which, in default of a better name, may be called, in one word, emancipation. 'This wonderful century,' exclaimed one of its great men, William Ewart Gladstone, whose life extended nearly through its course, 'its motto is "Unhand me!"' and it is as the Age of Emancipation that it takes its place in the series of which the Age of Reason was the last." One might criticise Mr. Magnus's concentric tables of Victorian men of letters and wonder why certain names are included and certain others omitted; one might dissect the table which is to prove that early in the century the centre of literary life is no longer fixed in London, and ask why Campbell passes as the only Londoner, why Hazlitt, who lived mostly in London, is put down as of Winterslow, and why, since the list of authors includes those born between 1770–80, such an inveterate Londoner as Lamb is omitted; but these are matters of detail that noway affect the validity of his argument as to the general tendency. Mr. Magnus's criticisms are sound and suggestive; his narrative of events and developments is admirably lucid; he carries his learning lightly, and has the great art of being interesting as well as informing.

* "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century." By Laurie Magnus. 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Novel Notes.

THE SLAVES OF ALLAH. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The latest of Mr. Burgin's very numerous novels is pre-eminently a good story. It is not, we think and hope, very probable, and in our opinion the ending is weak. However, as three-fourths of the book is interesting, exciting, and amusing, perhaps we should not complain. Diana Beaudesert, who is on the whole a very satisfactory heroine, has the misfortune, while on her way to Constantinople, to inspire a Turkish Pasha with a quenchless passion. He offers to give her a leading position in his harem, and, on her indignant refusal, proceeds to kidnap her. How, with the assistance of the ubiquitous Achmet Effendi, she manages to escape, how she marries the right man, and how the Pasha is finally outwitted, we leave our readers to discover for themselves. Mr. Burgin writes in a spirited manner and evidently has an insider's knowledge of the Turkish character. His plot is clever and well developed, the machinations of Achmet Effendi making especially good reading. Indeed, this book is far above the average of the sensational story, though we cannot quite forgive the author for spoiling the conclusion by an excess of sentimentality.

THE POWERS OF MISCHIEF. By Sir William Magnay. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

There are in "The Powers of Mischief" all the ingredients for an excellent sensational story, and Sir William Magnay makes an excellent sensational story of them. Christopher Baslow, with his four troublesome, aristocratic half-brothers, makes an attractive hero, and is the more interesting for being a quiet, unheroic, normal human being. He discovers that he has an uncle living—a self-made wealthy man; and his half-brothers, the swaggering, inpecunious Fitzralphs, induce him to write to this desirable outsider and invite him to visit them. The invitation is declined, but Uncle Baslow opens his house to his nephew. Presently Christopher goes and stays with him and his daughter Enid; work is found for him, and his prospects seem brightening, when two of his half-brothers appear on the scene, under false names, to impose on Mr. Baslow and carry out an unscrupulous scheme for their own advantage. At the outset Christopher does not like to expose them, and afterwards cannot, without bringing himself under suspicion of being in league with them. He suffers for his hesitation when at last he does what he should have done at first, and yet after all wins through to happiness. The story has humour, and a charming love interest; it is written lightly and cleverly, and keeps the reader all the while pleasantly on the alert.

ROSE OF THE WILDERNESS. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Greatly daring, Mr. Crockett ventures to marry off his heroine early in the course of the story. The rest of the book hinges mainly on the perils of her baby, which is

in danger of being kidnapped by a former suitor who has gone mad, and of being nursed over-zealously by all except the mother. The connecting link is furnished by Muckle Tamson, a sturdy servant of the farm, who is a very handy man with his pole. His exploits on behalf of the family savour of wild justice, but they make capital reading, and Mr. Crockett has evidently written them *con amore*. The scene of the book is in Galloway, where Rose Gordon is reared by her father on a lonely farm. She marries a minister who resigns his charge in order to live with them, and, except for a brief excursion to England and some Edinburgh episodes, the action of the story—and there is a wealth of action—proceeds in the neighbourhood of Dumfries. The reader will find no slackening of spirit in Mr. Crockett's latest story. The heroine is, perhaps, less in evidence than usual, but the minor characters get their full stroke, and they are a lively crew. The touch of pathos, without which the book would be incomplete, is furnished by the relations between Henry Gordon and the delicate young girl, Lila, who droops and dies on the farm. As a feminine foil to the heroine, Mr. Crockett provides a shrewd, merry banker's wife and a managing farm-servant. The former's character may be inferred from her comment on "Pride and Prejudice," that if only she could have had "that D'Arcy" to herself for a day or two, she would have taught him quite a number of things! The story lacks unity, but its gusto and variety more than make up for any defects of construction.

THE PERJURER. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Constable.)

A new book by Mr. Norris is something of an event in the novel-reading world. Happily it is an event of frequent recurrence, for Mr. Norris is an astoundingly fertile writer. Indeed, he seems to exist to refute the dictum that rapid writing is bad writing. There are no signs of haste about his latest book, no incoherencies, no ragged edges. It has those qualities of careful workmanship, fluent narrative, and strong characterisation which he has led us to expect from him. After his custom, the author introduces us to a society of wealth and leisure. Lord Lavernock, a man of somewhat narrow-minded rectitude, leaves to his niece, Helen Monk, the wealth that should, in the natural course of things, have fallen to his scapegrace son and heir. Helen is perfectly aware of the purpose underlying the old Earl's curious will. It was his wish that she should marry her cousin, and, by the force of her fine character, reform that weak-witted but not unamiable young man. Professing no more than mere liking for her cousin, Helen yet feels it her duty to accept him, if he presses his suit. But it is not to be. The young Earl, who is an inveterate gamester, commits suicide after losing heavily at cards to his friend Forrester, beneath the roof of Colonel Julyan, Helen's mature admirer. At the inquest Colonel Julyan, persuaded that Helen's love is given to Forrester, with a splendid mendacity arrogates to himself the whole blame of the scandalous affair. We confess that Julyan's perjury, vindication, and death put a severe strain on our credulity, and strike us as somewhat theatrical and forced. The author is stronger in characterisation than plot. Helen Monk is a woman planned on a noble and generous scale, and Lavernock tempts our pity, if he does not command our respect. The author is to be congratulated on adding yet another to a long list of distinguished books.

STUDIES IN WIVES. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Of the six stories which go to form this book not one is without distinction. All are characterised by breadth of sympathy and insight. The authoress does not moralise, she presents a case. Her stories, whilst of a clear-cut finality of form, still provoke, rather than satisfy the imagination. In a word, they make us think. If we have a fault to find with them, it is that they are too long. They have not the breathless intensity of the perfect short story. One of the longest, and perhaps the least successful, "A Very Modern Influence," moves languidly to a rather commonplace dénouement. It is doubly unfortunate that it should challenge comparison—if distantly—with de Maupassant at his most incisive. But there is no question of the originality and power of "Mr. Jarvice's Wife." "According to Meredith" recounts the tragedy of a leasehold marriage, in which the wife will not consent to a renewal. "The Decree made Absolute" ends with a fine touch of dramatic irony. As Mr. Tapster stands by the dead body of his unfaithful wife, a sharp rap is heard at the door, and a telegram is handed to him. He opens it and reads: "The decree has been made absolute." Lovers of sugared fiction may find the book of too harsh a flavour for their palate, but those who appreciate good writing and strong and subtle characterisation it cannot fail to charm.

COUSINS AND OTHERS. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

A book of entertaining short stories from the pen of Katharine Tynan is sure of the warmest of welcomes from her many admirers. The first, and longest, story, "Cousins," contains a vivid and exciting description of a fire that breaks out in a farmyard; and it is amidst the flames, whilst rescuing the terror-stricken horses and cows, that the hero and heroine first meet—and both fight bravely together for the lives of the poor helpless animals. Clodagh makes a pleasant and winsome heroine, and the character of her father is sketched in very cleverly. Perhaps the best of this collection of tales are "Cousins," "The Inn of Meetings," "Travelling Companions," and "The Bachelor"—but they are all so good it is difficult to choose. The last named tells how James Hilliard starts a Bachelors' Club, and, by "sheer eloquence harangued some two score young men into becoming members." For two months of the year the Club suspends its meetings, and, of course, during one of these holidays the inevitable happens to Hilliard. He, the leader and most confirmed bachelor of all his circle, meets his fate, and the story ends with his startling telegram: "To the Bachelors' Club, Dulldrum. Married this morning. You are all wasting your time. Hilliard and Else." Within a week the Bachelors' Club is formally dissolved. All the stories are interesting, and the book is a thoroughly enjoyable one.

MOON OF VALLEYS. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Greening.)

Unlike most sensational novelists, Mr. David Whitelaw eavens his sensation with humour; he gives us in "Moon of Valleys" a capitally devised story that lacks nothing in the way of mystery and adventure and exciting incident, but tells it all easily, lightly, and heightens and relieves the darker hours of the romance with matter for the jolliest laughter. Wally Burns the dissipated, graceless little actor who gets accidentally involved in the search for the long-lost jewel of the dead Cingalese monarch and is carried reluctantly from the glamour of his beloved Strand into the perilous wilds of an unknown country, is a quaint and delightfully amusing personage, for all his rascally ingratitude. The heroine is a charming girl with an unscrupulous father who hides his villainies from her; the hero is far from being a perfect man, but love brings him back to his better self. An ingenious plot and some good character-drawing make "Moon of Valleys" a thoroughly readable book; Mr. Whitelaw is to be congratulated on an original and distinctly clever piece of work.

SIR GREGORY'S SILENCE. By A. W. Marchmont. 6s. (Cassell.)

With an ingenious and skilfully handled plot—in which an exciting chain of coincidences, a mystery, a letter, a

charming and plucky heroine, an admirable hero, and a thoroughly villainous villain play important parts—"Sir Gregory's Silence" should become one of the most successful novels of the season. The story concerns Helen Powell, who is engaged to Sir Gregory Trevellock's son, Bulmer. Sir Gregory and his elder brother spent some time in the West of America; the brother died out there and Sir Gregory, dropping his own name of George, and adopting his brother's, inherited the title and estates. From a photo that is shown him of Helen's father, he discovers that she is his brother's child—and ought to take possession of his wealth. He is tempted to keep her in ignorance of this fact, and yields to the temptation. Complications ensue; and finding that Sir Gregory is keeping some secret from her Helen gradually comes to the conclusion that she is his daughter by a former marriage—and so, Bulmer's step-sister. "'You were in Montana at the time my mother married Gregory Powell. That was the name you bore then. . . . The likeness I showed you was his, and after the lapse of years who shall say that it was not one of you? . . . Were there two Englishmen of the same name there at that time?' . . . With a groan he took his hands from his head and tried to meet her look, but cowered from her, and forced himself to answer, speaking in low, broken tones. 'You—you are right. There was—but one Gregory Powell.' Helen stepped back in horror. 'Then, I—I am your—your daughter.'" For various reasons he allows her to think so, and in an agony of despair she runs away to hide herself from Bulmer, whom she feels she must never see again. It is a clever story and the interest of it is fully maintained to the end.

ATTAINMENT. By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

We have tried hard, but have not managed to come to a full appreciation of Mrs. Havelock Ellis's latest novel. Rachel Merton is dissatisfied with life in her Cornish home, so she comes to London to see life. She goes slumming for a time under the direction of a popular clergyman, renowned for his daring (but to us unconvincing) sermons. She makes the acquaintance of a Socialist poet, and by him is introduced to a company of extraordinary cranks. She, her maid Ann, and the cranks form the Brotherhood of the Perfect Life, and settle down to existence under one roof. Chiefly owing to Rachel—ably seconded by Ann—the Brotherhood lives in harmony until the heroine is called away by the death of her mother. Then, for no very obvious reason, the members decide to disband. Rachel settles down in Cornwall, and all that she has discovered from her experiences is that "it is just what you are that matters." Mrs. Havelock Ellis has plenty of talent, an engaging satire, and a satisfactory literary style, but we cannot believe that "Attainment" will please even her warmest admirers.

SAMSON UNSHORN. By Reginald Turner. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In a way, this novel more than fulfils expectations. The beginning is so unimpressive and so ordinary that one gets the impression that the whole book is going to be merely rather silly. However, parts of it, especially towards the middle, successfully set off this weak beginning and an improbable conclusion, and give one the feeling that, after all, "Samson Unshorn" was well worth reading. Mr. Turner's latest novel describes the career of James Maxwell, who, after a somewhat wasted education at a public school and Oxford, is left nearly on his own resources. After some years' work as a journalist, he has an idea, borrows money, and starts *How It's Done*, a journal of the Bits type. *H. I. D.* (for it soon adopts initials) "takes," and a semi-fraudulent method of prize competition supplies its proprietor with a considerable fortune. Maxwell is soon in a position to start *Daily Opinion*, a paper which aims at reproducing the ideas of "the man in the street." Those portions of the novel dealing with Maxwell's journalistic ventures are extraordinarily interesting and give the book an unusual distinction. Away from journalism the author seems entirely to lose his grip in realities, and his hero's love affair with Lady Gertrude is mildly unpleasant and extremely unlikely. It cannot be said that any of the characters inspire the reader with sympathy, but Mr. Turner has done enough to ensure the book's success.

THE BACKWOODSMEN. By Charles G. D. Roberts. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Mr. Roberts's latest book is somewhat of a disappointment to us. "The Backwoodsmen" is a collection of sketches and short stories which clearly have appeared in American magazines. We question whether some of these little tales were worth preserving in book-form, so slight are they. The general defect of all the stories in the book is their obviousness. There is no subtlety about them, and one can generally foresee at the beginning of the story what is going to happen at the end of it. This makes a large dose uninteresting and somewhat cloying. However, Mr. Roberts is undoubtedly one of *the* authorities on wild nature and the backwoods, and nothing that he writes can be altogether without charm and interest, while he is an adept at the difficult art of catching "atmosphere." For these reasons alone the book is worth reading, but, unless he is careful, the reader will want to give up in despair long before it is finished. We recommend him to persevere, for it seems to us that nearly all the better tales are printed at the end. But the best way to read "The Backwoodsmen" would probably be to sandwich in a tale or two between two heavier books; the fifteen stories in a lump are rather too much of what is, doubtless, a good thing.

HEARTBREAK HILL. By Hermann K. Vielé. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

There is something very blithe and jocund about this book, which the author has termed a comedy-romance. Heartbreak Hill is a barren crag, the co-inheritance of two distant cousins, Mopsie and Sidney Beatoun. To all appearances it can have no intrinsic, but only a sentimental value. But quite suddenly and mysteriously the hill becomes a marketable commodity. Brokers and companies begin to make what seem absurdly magnificent

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts in the Woods.

offers for its purchase. Young Mr. Stiles, of the highly accredited firm of Stiles, Brimley & Stiles, wakes the loud echoes of the hill in his large red motor-car. Mr. Lawlor, a dilapidated financier, appears on a long-deferred visit to his sister. Uncouth figures with strange implements are seen scaling the flanks of the barren crag. The little old-world village of Beatoun's Bridge is big with intrigue. Sidney, lately elected to the legislature, sees in the exorbitant offers of the bidders a veiled attempt at bribery. There are quarrels between the cousins, and it seems as if Heartbreak Hill is to lead to an estrangement. When Mopsie learns, just in time to avoid a sale, that a very rich vein of copper has been struck on her side of the hill, it appears that the so obviously predestined marriage will never take place. For Mopsie will be a very rich woman, and Sidney is poor and proud. But as luck will have it, the vein which crops out on the girl's land is only workable on Sidney's. So the claims of love and honour are alike satisfied, and the story ends, as it should end, merrily. Sentiment and broad humour are agreeably mingled in this pleasant book.

THE VEIL. By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Stevens is a new but well-equipped novelist, with a strong dramatic sense, a feeling for colour, and another somewhat rarer gift, the ability to keep the threads of a rather intricate story well knit together. "The Veil" is a North African romance, with most of its scenes laid in Tunis and sacred Kairouan; its principal characters a dancing girl, a *marabout* of mixed Arab and Irish parentage, and a Sicilian boy. In a sort of prologue the reader is shown an incident in the early life of Mabrouka, the dancer. She is fourteen years old; as a little child she has had glimpses of the freedom of life among Western women, and now, as a member of Si Ismail's harem, she longs to be free. A French officer helps her to escape, but his subsequent attentions become a little too marked, and Mabrouka stabs him. Here we have the right atmosphere, into which, eighteen years after, steps the boy Riccardo, to meet Mabrouka, none the less alluring for being rather older. A Sicilian family with whom Riccardo lives affords the author an opportunity for character-drawing, in the person of two girls and their father. To one of the girls, Annunziata, Riccardo is affianced, which is just as well for him perhaps, though he is a fresh and clean kind of creature, and keeps his honour bright, while in his company Mabrouka becomes almost virginal. A little revolution, an abduction, and divers alarums and excursions work up the excitement towards the end, but with the death of Si Ismael, the mysterious revolutionary *marabout*, things arrange themselves. It is due to Miss Stevens to declare her story clever, and out of the ordinary run. Incidentally, she introduces some delightful Arabs, and displays in one episode a quite surprising talent for creepiness.

The Bookman's Table.

THE TURKISH PEOPLE. By Lucy M. J. Garnett. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

If she does not possess marked ability as a writer, or show any very profound knowledge of her subject, Miss Lucy Garnett has contrived to make an interesting book upon the life and manners of the Turks. In contradistinction to Mr. E. F. Knight, whose recent book is primarily devoted to Turkish politics, Miss Garnett has comparatively little to say upon this head, and has busied herself almost entirely in describing the social institutions of the Turkish nation. The book is subdivided into three main parts. In Part I. under "Social Life," Miss Garnett describes the Turks of the capital and of the country, the life of "the denizens of the palaces" and the ordinary daily careers of the official and military classes. By far the most entertaining chapter in this section is that upon "Holiday Life," in which Miss Garnett gives some excellent specimens of popular Turkish stories, including two anecdotes of the famous Hodja which have not previously appeared in English. When she comes to "Religious Beliefs and Institutions," Miss Garnett wanders further away from the beaten track, and is correspondingly more interesting. Her chapter on "Intellectual Progress," for example, is excellent; and the same adjective may be applied to that on "Mysticism" and "Freethought," which we would willingly have seen expanded to a greater length. The concluding portion of the book is taken up with "Domestic Life" and the description of the ceremonies performed upon such occasions as a birth, marriage, or funeral. Except for an occasional lapse into a rather exasperating periphrastic phrase, Miss Garnett can describe what she has seen both well and clearly. A word of praise must be given to the photographs, which have been well chosen and admirably reproduced.

LIGHT AND SHADE, and other Poems. By R. C. Lehmann. 5s. net. (Wm. Blackwood.)

It is doubtful if Mr. Lehmann has done wisely in publishing this volume in its present shape. Serious and light verse are in a shallow sense branches of the same art. But their source, their points of view, their significance are poles asunder. To meet a pretty girl and to write charming little verses about her—skilful, exquisite, evanescent, as dainty an addition to her *tout ensemble* as the dimple on her cheek, is one thing: to break your heart for love of her, or even with heart unbroken, to tell the world of her in lines that no man will ever read without a kind of noble and immortal envy and regret is quite another thing. Both may be done even by the same poet: but let him print them side by side—something will seem amiss. Mr. Lehmann has not gone to quite such lengths as this; but there is not the least question that some of the best of the serious verses in this book are baulked and thinned and undermined by their proximity with the merely facetious and the rollicking. Life's philosophy can easily survive every quick and sudden extreme of fortune from grave to gay, from light to shade. But a real yet thinly expressed sentiment on one page and burlesque on another make vexatious reading: poor human nature resents motley *at* a funeral. Apart from this, with a few exceptions the majority of these verses suggest a certain inattention and carelessness, as if the writer had not been at much or inconvenient pains to do his best. Light verse requires immense elaboration, which is at last concealed in its perfect finish. The thought here is often slipshod in its expression, and at times not really mastered. A poor phrase and a forced rhyme frequently spoil an excellent stanza. It is, as it were, an untidy collection, with many loose ends and irrelevancies. Such books cannot truly represent their writer. Even sound verse is rare; wit and dexterousness and keenness and flash of mind are rarer yet. And "Light and Shade" and "Contentment" being such excellent pieces of verse, and "Lady, a Sheep Dog," and "Mollie," and "Polly" revealing so real a feeling and so quick an eye, the reader rather resents their company. As for "Easy," it is a delightful achievement in that very difficult genre, imaginative humour, and almost deserves the book to itself

THE BURIED CITY OF KENKIG. By Thomas Gray. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Near Port Talbot, between Swansea and Cardiff, lies the buried city of Kenfig, not, as some picturesque but ill-informed tradition has it, beneath the gloomy waters of Kenfig Pool, but covered by the adjacent sand dunes, that have been blowing in and in from the sea since the time of King John and earlier. Mr. Thomas Gray, of the

neighbourhood, has written a book about it. Of recent excavations on this site there have been none, or next to none, so that Mr. Gray has confined his research to local archives. The result is much dryness and dust, and a few interesting facts; notes of sales and exchanges of Kenfig lands by the Gramuses, and Saleses, and Lovelses, and other families; and histories of the neighbouring manors of Streo and Stormy. To Jestyn ap Gwrgan, first Lord of the Manor of Kenfig, and Sir Robert Fitzhamon, on whom it was bestowed at the Norman Conquest, Mr. Gray devotes an interesting chapter. The traditional story as to Kenfig's lying beneath the waters of the Pool is repeated in a tale from the Iolo MSS., wherein it is related how a peasant's son committed robbery and murder that he might have money enough to marry the Lord of Clare's daughter, and how an awful voice was heard at the marriage feast prophesying vengeance at the end of the ninth generation. The ninth generation found the original bride and bridegroom still alive, and all Kenfig in the hands of the family. The voice was heard again, "Vengeance is come!" and in the morning nothing was to be seen but a large lake and three chimney-pots smoking above its surface, "and with the dawn there were countless voices praising God with heavenly songs."

WITH CLUB AND CADDIE. By E. M. Griffiths. 2s. 6d. net. (Gibbings.)

One half of this entertaining little book of verse is given over to the humours of golf; the other half is divided into three sections: "A Little Sentiment" contains much that is charming in thought and graceful in expression; "Humour of Sorts" is of good sorts; and "Times and Places" labels some half-dozen poems on passing events. The golf verses are mostly parodies, deftly and neatly turned, and refreshingly varied. You read on one page how

> "Phyllis went a-golfing, O,
> Cupid came to caddie";

on another of the player who had to make his stroke with

> "Sandhill to right of him,
> Sandhill to left of him,
> Sandhill in front of him";

you read of what happens when

> "The Guernsey girl to the links has gone";

or are tickled by the excellent "Fool's Song":

> "When that I was and a little tiny boy,—
> With hey, ho, the toil and the pain,—
> With club and ball I did but toy,
> For the fool he foozles every day."

"The Lost Ball" goes to the tune of "The Lost Chord," and "Sigh no more, golfers" recommends an innocuous form of words in place of the strong language that is occasionally used by the best of men on the links. The verses have the right lilt and lightness, and the humour of them is real humour and thoroughly enjoyable.

FRANCIA'S MASTERPIECE. By Montgomery Carmichael. 5s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

This is probably the first time a whole volume has been devoted to the describing and expounding of a single picture, but the picture is one of no ordinary interest, and is every way worthy of the full and careful study that Mr. Carmichael has bestowed upon it. Francia's masterpiece hangs in the Chapel of the Assumption in the old Lombard Basilica of the San Frediano at Lucca. It has often been misunderstood and erroneously described, but Mr. Carmichael's minute examination makes it clear that it represents the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He describes all the involved and wonderful detail of the picture and unravels its meanings; tells the history of its peregrinations, and collects in an appendix descriptions and opinions of the work that have been published by other critics. Incidentally he furnishes an admirable essay on the beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in art. His book is certainly a notable departure in the interpretation of Religious Pictures: it is not written for the learned, but for the behoof of "the well-intentioned who go into art galleries, admiring and loving religious pictures, but hazy of their actual uses both in the dead past and the living present"; and such art-lovers will find it a helpful, informing, and thoroughly attractive handbook. The illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced.

The Altar-piece from San Frediano Lucca. *Alinari.*

From "Francia's Masterpiece," by Montgomery Carmichael. (Kegan Paul.)

WHEEL MAGIC, or Revolutions of an Impressionist. By J. W. Allen. 3s. net. (John Lane.)

In a very charming dedication to Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. Allen writes: "You said, I remember, that there was yet no Izaak Walton of cycling. You suggested that I might be the man to come." But, he adds, "I knew, even at the first, that Izaak Walton is dead and has no fellow. . . . The little book is done; but it is not the thing we dreamed of. It is a quite other thing"—a pleasant, fanciful, whimsical, picturesquely written, altogether admirable other thing, nevertheless. It is the record of a cycling tour, but "the word 'cycling' has a too technical and business-like sound to be applied to our mode of travel. There was no attempt to develop the power of the machine. There were none of those long runs which bring that 'fine intoxication' Stevenson speaks of in connection with walking tours, 'that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain and ends in a peace that passes comprehension.' We rode a couple of miles and loitered in a village church; half a mile on we dallied on a bridge; a mile further and we were off again, after daffodils. Are not all the finest pleasures a plucking of flowers by the wayside? . . . We idled busily on the roads and did our work on foot, in town and village. One

whole day we spent sitting about on the Malvern Hills watching the play of earth and heaven." There you have the manner, the outlook, the atmosphere of the dozen essays that make up the book. You need not be a cyclist to enjoy them; all it needs is that you should be a lover of the open air and country life and country places or, even lacking this, that you should be susceptible to the magic of such delicate and imaginative prose as Mr. Allen knows how to write.

A LUTE OF JADE. By L. Cranmer-Byng. 2s. net. (Murray.)

It is strange! Before the year 500 B.C. Confucius had collected many poems, of which the following is one:

"She has gathered with her lily fingers
A lily fair and rare to see.
Oh, sweeter still the fragrance lingers
From the warm hand that gave it me."

We will not say that Ben Jonson was a plagiarist, for he had never seen these lovely lines. The Chinese poetry, as here assembled, is a thing of beauty which has waited all these centuries till Mr. Cranmer-Byng's arrival, and behold! it is a joy for ever.

"Fire-fly, will-o'-the-wisp, and wandering star
Glow in thy gloom, and naught is heard but the far
Chanting of woodman. . . ."

That was written by Ou-Yang Hsin of the Sung dynasty, who flourished with William the Conqueror. He wrote it at the graveside of a friend:

"Or haply art thou some far-towering pine,—
Some rare and wondrous flower?
What boots it, this sad hour?
Here in thy loneliness the eglantine
Weaves her sweet tapestries above thy head. . . ."

Peace be to the ashes of Ou-Yang Hsin of the Sung dynasty. We started out by saying it is strange, and when you look at what was gathered by Confucius five whole centuries B.C. you think about the Christian missionaries who are labouring in China. Some of us have wondered whether Chinese missionaries would in turn endeavour to convert this country. Now this little book in Chinese yellow lies before us. We will not quote the poem on Lake Shang, for we have lately seen it printed in at least three notices and it will soon be famous. From To Chü-I's poem on the Lute Girl, with the tragic and romantic story, we will quote a single image, illustrative of her music:

"Now loud and soft together as the long
Patter of pearls and seed-pearls on a dish
Of marble. . . ."

We have read other volumes of Mr. Murray's admirable "Wisdom of the East Series." We have been told that they sell by thousands, that our countrymen invited to subscribe to some unwieldy works go straight and buy the twenty little volumes, at 1s. and 2s., of this most remarkable series—and we believe it.

THE TRACHINIAN MAIDENS OF SOPHOCLES. Translated into English Verse by Hugo Sharpley, M.A. 1s. 6d. net. (David Nutt.)

Although Mr. Sharpley is by no means the poet that Professor Gilbert Murray has shown himself to be in his admirable translations of Euripides, this rendering of "The Trachinian Maidens" is not unworthy of the original. Mr. Sharpley's verses are often somewhat ungainly—like Professor Murray, Mr. Sharpley has turned the iambic passages into the rhyming non-heroic couplet—but what he lacks in poetic expression is counterbalanced by neat scholarship and by a most praiseworthy absence of padding. Some of Mr. Sharpley's lines, indeed, are from this standpoint quite first-rate. For example—

". . . the night brings woe, to cease
The next night, when a new woe takes its place,"

is an excellent version of ll. 29–31. And again the words of Heracles in ll. 1048, 1049 are excellently turned into

"Oh, many and fierce my battles, many and sore
My burdens, in the past. . . ."

But it is, perhaps, in his translations of the choric passages that Mr. Sharpley shows to the best advantage, owing to his power of compressing everything essential into the minimum of words. The chorus which (we quote Mr. Sharpley's version) begins

"O ye who dwell on the rocky shore,
Where the water bubbles warm,
Where ships are safe from storm,
And the peaks of Œta soar,"

is a good instance of his ability; though we do not care for the line in which Heracles is described as

"The famous fruit of the Godhead's breeding."

If anything, in fact, Mr. Sharpley errs on the side of being too brief, and we have noticed one or two passages in which all the vigour and meaning of the original Greek have not been brought out. Mr. Sharpley is not a great poet, but he is, at least, sufficiently good to make us anxious to read any further translations of Sophocles which he may publish.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Lovers of a simple love-story will enjoy **A Very Doubtful Experiment**, by L. G. Moberly (6s.). The plot is neither new nor striking, but the theme is gently and prettily handled, and the affection of the beautiful honest-hearted Rachael Danvers for the scientist who is absorbed by the fascinations of bacilli has its own decided attractions. Rachael, who is very poor, becomes rich and longs to help the man she loves. She induces him to marry her, and that is the "doubtful experiment." Rachael's sudden illness is inexplicable and unconvincing, and some of the incidents have a fairy-godmother-like way of happening, but Miss Moberly serves up her theme with an air of personal care and shrewd observation, and many a "holiday-reader" will thank her for it.

THE NEW AGE PRESS.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new volume, **Cupid and Commonsense** (2s. 6d. net), should be read by theatre-lovers on both sides of the curtain. It contains a long preface dealing with what the author terms "the crisis in the theatre." To some extent his attitude is that of the typical old retired military man in his Piccadilly club—"The country is going to the dogs, sir." So, very likely it is—all in good time. Mr. Arnold Bennett says some very wise words which theatrical people, managers in particular, will be the better for reading. What, however, so many of us are inclined to forget when we get on that high horse "Art" is, that a theatre is, and always has been, intended for a place of amusement for many kinds of persons. And there are hundreds of persons who are never amused, only bored, by the "Works" of Mr. Shaw; while Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has (it is a known fact) managed to fill a good many theatres in his day. So Mr. Bennett's wise words will, we hope, do good; and his fears, we hope, will wear away with time—by improvement in theatrical affairs, or by philosophy in cultured minds. Meanwhile Mr. Arnold Bennett himself presents in this same volume a capital play in four acts, a direct, unadorned piece of work which yet is subtle and distinguished in its characterisation. We look forward to the staging of this play, were it only to see portrayed the weakness of Willie Beach and the naturalness of Emily Boothroyd.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Mr. Warwick Deeping has, in **The Red Saint** (6s.), given us a romance of the thirteenth century, with all the stir of battle and adventure which the third Henry's reign was capable of providing. The main theme of the book is the story of Denise, half hermitess, half saint, a young and beautiful girl, whose life, touching as it did the religious and the adventurous side of the period, was chequered by superstitio s, tragedy, and love. The story with its mingling of brutality and chivalry, rough manners and high ideals, possesses an almost mediæval force, though told with no parade of archaic mannerisms.

MESSRS. WELLS GARDNER & CO.

A little series of bijou biographies of bishops is being published by this firm at the modest price of twopence each. Admirable

little booklets they are, about the size of a large court envelope. On their dark covers is given a portrait of the subject of the biography within, and the writing is done with a true sense of selection, thought, and understanding. The volumes which have reached us are—**William Walsham How,** Bishop of Wakefield, by F. D. How; **George Augustus Selwyn,** first Bishop of New Zealand, by E. A. Bulley; and **George Howard Wilkinson,** Bishop of St. Andrews, by Henry Scott Holland.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Cambridge visitors would do well to decide upon Mr. Brimley Johnson's small black leather and gold volume **Cambridge Colleges** as their "keepsake" or "souvenir" of a pleasant occasion. Though no bigger than an ordinary prayer-book, it is packed full of information, it contains illustrations which are valuable as well as interesting, also a map of Cambridge; and the letterpress is a well-written, concise, and delightful "middle way" between the common "guide" and the ponderous history.

MESSRS. NOVELLO.

To celebrate the third centenary of its charter of incorporation, the Worshipful Company of Musicians held at Fishmongers' Hall a memorable Loan Exhibition of musical instruments, books, portraits, MS., and other miscellanies, all relating to music. The Exhibition, which was under the patronage of the King and Queen, was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on June 27, 1904, and for the fortnight of its duration the musical public crowded to see what was one of the largest, as it was certainly one of the most interesting, collections of the sort that have ever been brought together. Messrs. Novello have now published in one stout, handsomely printed volume (42s.) a full descriptive and beautifully illustrated catalogue of the exhibits. The book is conveniently divided into sections, one being devoted to Music Printing and Printed Music; a second to Musical Instruments; a third to Portraits, Engravings, Caricatures, Medals, etc.; a fourth to Manuscripts; a fifth to Concert and Theatre Bills, Programmes, etc.; and a sixth to other miscellanies. There are some fifty excellent illustrations, including portraits of famous players, pictures of antique instruments, facsimiles of title pages to old treatises on music and "the skill of song," etc.; the whole thing is, indeed, admirably produced and of unique historical value and interest.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Messrs. Macmillan are following the excellent lead which has been set of issuing popular modern books at a very low price. Ten attractive volumes of fiction have reached us, each being a well-established favourite and each costing sevenpence net. The list includes **The Forest Lovers,** by Maurice Hewlett; **The House of Mirth,** by Edith Wharton; **Misunderstood,** by Florence Montgomery; **The Choir Invisible,** by James Lane Allen; **Elizabeth and Her German Garden; The First Violin,** by Jessie Fothergill; **A Roman Singer,** by F. Marion Crawford; **Diana Tempest,** by Mary Cholmondeley; **A Waif's Progress,** by Rhoda Broughton; and **John Glynn,** by Arthur Paterson. They are pretty books, neat and well-bound.

Messrs. G. Bell & Sons continue their very charming "Queen's Treasures" Series with Mrs. Ewing's lovable discursions, **Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances** (2s. 6d. net). Miss M. V. Wheelhouse has illustrated the volume in her own particularly dainty style, and twentieth-century children could wish for no prettier edition of our old favourite.

New Books of the Month.

FROM MAY 10 TO JUNE 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—The Message of the Son of Man. 4s. 6d. net .....(A. & C. Black)
Adams, The Sermons of Thomas. A Selection Edited by John Brown, D.D. 1s. 6d. net ..(Cambridge University Press)
DAWSON, JOSEPH.—Job and his New Theology. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
DEARMER, PERCY, M.A.—Body and Soul. 6s. net (Sir Isaac Pitman)
DOUGLAS, EILEEN.—The Fruits of the Spirit, and The Whole Armour of God. 6d. and 1s. (Salvation Army Book Department)
Jesus in Modern Religion, The Place of, and Other Essays. By Various Writers. 2s. net (British & Foreign Unitarian Association)
JONES, HENRY, LL.D., D.Litt.—Idealism as a Practical Creed. 6s. net .....(Maclehose)
NEWBOLT, REV. W. C. E.—The Athanasian Creed. (Churchman's Penny Library.) 1d. .....(Mowbray)
PFLEIDERER, OTTO, D.D.—Primitive Christianity. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.D. Vol. II. 10s. 6d. net (Williams & Norgate)
UNKNOWN MAN, AN.—"Which Is"; or, The Unknown God. 3s. 6d. net .....(Alden & Co., Oxford)

NEW EDITION.

McCABE, JOSEPH.—Modern Rationalism. 1s. net (Watts & Co.)

FICTION.

ADAMS, FREDERICK UPHAM.—The Bottom of the Well. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Stanley Paul)
ANDOM, R.—The Runaways. 3s. 6d. .....(Greening)
"AUNT CHERRY."—Tom Genuflex. 6s. ...(John Ouseley)
BATSON, MRS. STEPHEN.—The Gay Paradines. 6s. (Stanley Paul)
BECKE, LOUIS.—'Neath Austral Skies. 6s. ....(John Milne)
BEGBIE, HAROLD.—The Cage. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
BRENDA.—The Secret Terror. 6s. .....(Stanley Paul)
BUCKROSE, J. E.—A Little Green World. 6s. ..(Hutchinson)
BURGIN, G. B.—The Slaves of Allah. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
CONYERS, DOROTHEA.—The Conversion of Con Cregan, and Other Stories. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)
COURLANDER, ALPHONSE.—Henry in Search of a Wife. 6s. .....(T. Fisher Unwin)
CUBITT, MRS. NEVILLE.—Unfair Play. 6s. .(John Ouseley)
CURTIS, MARGUERITE.—Marcia: A Transcript from Life. 6s. .....(Blackwood)
DENNIS, D. H.—Moths and the Maid. 6s. ....(John Long)
DICKINSON, H. N.—Sir Guy and Lady Rannard. 6s. (Heinemann)
DU DENEY, MRS.—All Times Pass Over. 1s. (John Ouseley)
ELLIS, MRS. HAVELOCK.—Attainment. 6s. (Alston Rivers)
GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The Red-Hot Crown. 6s. (John Long)
GLASGOW, ELLEN.—The Romance of a Plain Man. 6s. (John Murray)
GLYN, ELINOR.—Elizabeth Visits America. Illustrated by the Author. 6s. .....(Duckworth)
GORING-THOMAS, A. R.—Mrs. Gramercy-Park. 6s. (John Lane)
GRANT, ROBERT.—The Chippendales. 6s. ..(Stanley Paul)
HARRIS, J. HENRY.—Penelope Ann. 6s. .....(Greening)
JARVIS, SCUDAMORE.—Private Coles, Philosopher. 1s. (John Ouseley)
KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.—Starbrace. 6s. (George Bell & Sons)
KEAYS, H. A. MITCHELL.—"Me and My True Love." 6s. (Arrowsmith)
KINROSS, ALBERT.—The Love-Brokers. 6s. .....(Cassell)
LETTS, W. M.—Diana Dethroned. 6s. .....(John Lane)
LOWNDES, MRS. BELLOC.—Studies in Wives. 6s. (Heinemann)
LYONS, A. NEIL.—Sixpenny Pieces. 6s. .....(John Lane)
MAGNAY, SIR WILLIAM, BART.—The Powers of Mischief. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Ward, Lock)
MARCHMONT, A. W.—Sir Gregory's Silence. 6s. ....(Cassell)
MOBERLY, L. G.—A Very Doubtful Experiment. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MOLLWO, ADRIENNE.—A Fair Suffragette. 6s. (H. J. Drane)
MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT.—In Calvert's Valley. 6s. .....(Stanley Paul)
NORRIS, W. E.—The Perjurer. 6s. .....(Constable)
"PEER, A."—The Hazard of the Die. 6s. .....(John Long)
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TRITES, W. B.—John Cave. 6s. .....(A. Treherne)
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WHITE, FRED M.—Netta. Illustrated. 6s. ..(Ward, Lock)
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WHITE, W. HOLT.—The Earthquake. 1s. net (Grant Richards)

WHITELAW, DAVID.—Moon of Valleys. 6s. ...(Greening)
WILLIAMSON, W. H.—A Family of Influence. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
WRENCH, MRS. STANLEY.—Burnt Wings. 6s. (John Long)
YORKE, CURTIS.—Mollie Deverill. 6s. .....(John Long)
YVER, COLETTE.—The Doctor Wife. Translated by Anna, Comtesse de Brémont. 6s. .....(Hutchinson)

NEW EDITIONS.

ALBANESI, MADAME.—A Young Man from the Country. 7d. net .....(Nelson)
ALLEN, JAMES LANE.—The Choir Invisible. 7d. net (Macmillan)
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BOURGET, PAUL.—A Woman's Heart. Translated by Ernest Tristan. 1s. 6d. net.....(Greening)
BROUGHTON, RHODA.—A Waif's Progress. 7d. net (Macmillan)
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FRY, B. and C. B.—A Mother's Son. 6d. .....(Newnes)
GOULD, NAT.—A Stroke of Luck. 6d.....(John Long)
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Forest Lovers. 7d. net (Macmillan)
HUGO, VICTOR.—Les Miserables. 6d.....(Nelson)
HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE.—Thompson's Progress. 7d. net (Nelson)
MACRAE, REV. DAVID.—George Harrington. 2s. 6d. net (John Smith, Glasgow)
MONTGOMERY, FLORENCE.—Misunderstood. 7d. net (Macmillan)
PATERSON, ARTHUR.—John Glynn. 7d. net...(Macmillan)
"PEER, A."—The Hard Way. 1s. net.....(John Long)
PERRIN, ALICE.—The Spell of the Jungle. 1s. net (Stanley Paul)
REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE.—The Ides of March. 7d. net (Nelson)
RICHARDSON, FRANK.—2835, Mayfair. 1s. net (Werner Laurie)
VOGEL, HARRY B.—Gentleman Garnet, Bushranger. 1s. net (Greening)
WENTWORTH-JAMES, GERTIE DE S.—The Wild Widow. 1s. net.....(Werner Laurie)
WHARTON, EDITH.—The House of Mirth. 7d. net (Macmillan)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BROICHER, DAISY.—German Lyrists of To-day. 1s. net (Elkin Mathews)
CAWEIN, MADISON.—New Poems. 5s. net (Grant Richards)
CECIL, K. H. D.—The Poet and his Soul. 2s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
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